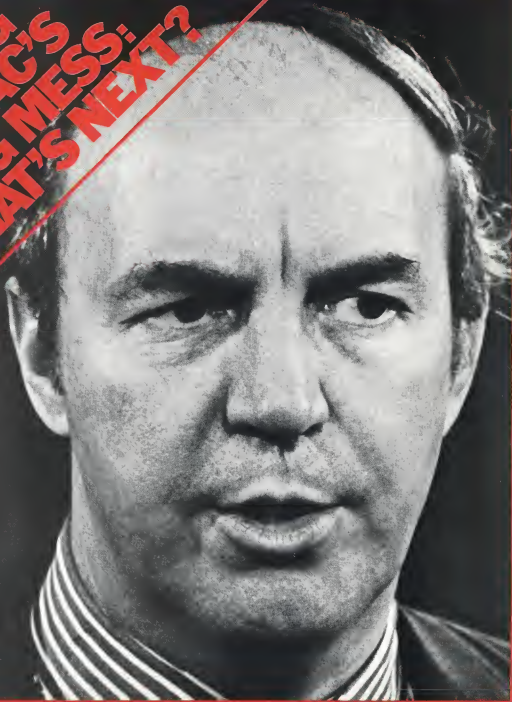


# Maclean's

**BIG  
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WHAT'S NEXT?**







## Interview

With Dr. Benjamin Schlesinger

For several decades humane sexuality, and books on human sexuality, have seemed to attract portions of the North American public. But for interested Canadians, the book *Sexual Behaviour in Canada* is a must. It is the first Canadian work on the subject to come by way of a scientific study. The book is by two American, Thelma and Robert Laumann, who were in Canada in May with the publication of *Sexual Behaviour in Canada*, the first collection of studies in Canadian sexuality, edited by Dr. Benjamin Liberman, a professor of psychology at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Social Work. The 49-year-old Schlegelinger is the author of seven other books, one of them, *Passions: A Christian Perspective*, is a widely used textbook in high schools and universities. He has also written 100 academic papers. He has taught in India and Australia and was sent by the Canadian government to the West Indies as visiting professor under the Canadian External Aid Program.

Schlesinger came to Canada in 1949, a refugee from Nazi Germany where his father and many relatives were exterminated. He got his BA at night school from St. George's University in Montreal, then his MA from Cornell in 1961. He made a point of including 17 articles by women in *Sexual Behavior in Canada* because he thinks men don't understand the sexuality of women.

Gottliebinger, who lives in downtown Toronto with his four children and his wife of 18 years, talked with Maclean's contributing editor Casey Giddins.

**Question:** Is there any apparent difference in the sexual attitudes or sexuality between Canadians and Americans?

**Stuentspeak:** Basically we Canadians are more conservative in the arts of sexual behavior and probably there are three major areas. One is that we do not experience sexually as much as the Americans. Second do we behave as quickly new sexual partners such as with shopping or groupies. And third is the area of sexual revulsion. The only studies we have in this country are the studies of students at universities where the interviewers went and asked students "Do you have sex or not?" and the frequency. Now my feeling is this type of research brings out the biggest. The average young Canadian man, if you meet him on campus today and said to him "Are you having sexual intercourse before marriage?" he would probably really doubt his heart for no I mean for sure. I think that's the main reason it is at stake. Primarily we're done studies among students and adults.

them about their sex behavior. The only small study done with adults is contained in the abortion consensus report which came out recently in which 4,128 Canadians were asked about their sex behavior and the big finding was that to come that Canadian adults are having sex more



Orgasm might be very interesting, but a wonderful sex life is possible without it.

[illegible]

Americans do on the actual sexual intercourse, you know the large penis, the big boots, breasts, the emphasis on the conquest. In Canada, I think we still kind of feel it's nobody's business and probably it isn't. I think it's a very personal thing.

**Macpherson:** Is there any particular reason why there are these differences between the United States and Canada?

**Wittgenstein:** Well, we are different countries and I think people forget that although we are neighbours there are many differences and it's only recently that we've come to realize that. We're a newer country. I think that the two countries are one of the few that came here in the World War II and I think that many of our citizens have been put through the traditional European values, which include religious ideas whereas at that time they were not. I think that it's probably someone as concerned it's a taboo. The churches and the synagogues, although some people may laugh at that, they play a very important role in shaping our morals and making decisions about what we do. A good example is in Canada, we allow sausage parlors and pornography, and suddenly there is a kind of broadness sponsored by a church group and other groups, and we say, no, we don't want it here. In the United States, it's a little more liberal but there is still a strong religious influence in that area. In my office I have about 250 books, American books, on human sexuality. There isn't one side of this but has been explained, photographs, and I think that's the way to do it. One way to left, I think there should be some sort of honesty left in our behavior. **Norman:** Nevertheless, in the past of life that you see, feel like it should be a private matter, do you feel that marriage ought to be

**Abstinence:** There is a lot of fear about teen pregnancy and youth about sexuality in this country. Here are some interesting statistics which I illustrate this, over the past five years, every eleven-month baby in this country roughly 33,000 babies a year were born to unmarried mothers. Forty percent were born to girls under 19 and about 80% of these girls are keeping their children. Now we have done some studies in the area of family planning and contraception and the finding is that most of these girls are going to become pregnant, they were not ready, they were not informed, they were not given the right kind of information by the Roman Catholic or Catholicism. So some say it was when I did some of the research, it was an



"If your Prince Igor Screwdriver isn't perfect, check the orange juice."

mental to use contraception. I began wondering if it's not moral to use contraception, should it be moral to bring an unwanted child into the world? That was not in the whole area of government, of macro-conception, macrodecision-making where only some help is needed.

**Mackenzie:** Should teenage girls have the information needed to allow them to control life?

**Schlesinger:** This evidence that I just mentioned plus the fact that out of 50,000 abortions each year, 31% are under 16 and recent studies are increasing when teenagers I would say are not sexually educated teenagers properly, not out of their school, as part of the curriculum and not only girls. I mean it takes time to teach. There are men involved in these relationships. We have enough evidence that there is an increase in sexual experimentation among the younger Canadians and it's going younger every year. You hear of 12-year-olds who are sexually experimenting, it just seems to be "in." Now many of these young people have no idea of what the risks are. In other words, it's a game, it's addictive, it's supposed to be something exciting and for many it is not ending as it. And then they find themselves pregnant and either get aborted or stay pregnant, and there that don't see luck.

**Mackenzie:** What about the concerned father who discovers his daughter is young and out of control?

**Schlesinger:** Usually I find parents that get contacted about the pill say, "My daughter can take it but not my daughter." They don't mind that when the daughter comes home and says "Mother, I'm pregnant," then they say "Why the hell didn't we put her on the pill?" I'm not suggesting that we have to have every person doing out the pill. And by the way, why should we all ways talk about the women? Isn't it true that the Canadian men take some responsibility? The condom, which a 95% or so use, which does not require a prescription, which does not make you dizzy, which doesn't give you pains, which supposedly doesn't cause anything, is available in every drug store. You don't need a prescription, you don't need to go to your doctor. It's available to where the hell don't I, most men take the initiative in this country?

**Mackenzie:** How do you deal with our parents who find that all sex education does is promote immorality or promiscuity?

**Schlesinger:** Well, drug education does not promote the taking of drugs, the non-taking thing does not necessarily increase smoking or doesn't stop smoking. Again, to me these are generalized things. In the other hand, to be honest, I think it's more a matter of how you promote it rather way. But my point always is that sexual experimentation is going on already so I'm just trying to help people become responsible rather than to increase sexual behavior.

**Mackenzie:** There's an interesting question raised in the anthology which says that men

and women are physically connected in such a way that the women must penetrate men; whereas the man always is.

**Schlesinger:** I agree with most in the field of sociology who believe that they have overcome this whole orgasm. In other words, we have almost frightened people who find that, for example, they cannot have orgasm. And they have been told that there must be something wrong if you cannot have an orgasm. So now we have claims to teach people how to have orgasm. We have books that say an orgasm a day keeps the doctor away. Again, this is the North American emphasis, which is not worldwide, or what I would call ethnic province. My feeling is that or-

has some difficulty, don't be afraid to go to a counselor. Most can be helped quite easily. The big thing is to put in a claim that there is something wrong. In many cases, it may have nothing to do with anything, certainly, there might be certain physical difficulties which can also be corrected through minor surgery. Not all of it is in their head. Some of it is in their body. But a lot of it is in the mind. For example, a married woman was told by her husband that her husband wanted to have oral-genital sex and she says it is dirty, it's disgusting. Well, the first thing that one has to find out is when does the husband really want? Why does he want it? The husband might not think it's so disgusting to his wife that he will forget it, that it's not the end of the world. On the other hand, maybe the wife can be helped to see that maybe she should try a little bit of it not voluntarily—it's not the end of life to have oral-genital sex. What is wrong sometimes on our magazine which play up, you know, 71 orgasms, 100 orgasms, 70 different ways of having sex. And people forget that the average person has two or three different ways of relating sexually. There are some people who don't want sexual ways and it should be respected.

**Mackenzie:** Will there be 72 percent in another way of fighting abortion in sexual relations?

**Schlesinger:** Yes, maybe we should talk about abortion in sexuality. You know when you hear people say "I'm bored, I'm bored with my marriage, my family is boring, everything is boring, my job is boring, my sex life is boring," I begin wondering what are they really getting into all this? If you just sort of sit back and expect things to change, they're not going to change. I'd just give you kind of a case to illustrate that. A couple was telling me, he came home at five, she comes at 4:30. They have supper. The kids are put to bed. Then he looks at his clock and at 9:00 they go upstairs have sex and at 9:30 the husband goes out in the backyard when no one's looking or they hug each other or you run around naked in the house. No one has to see it. You play games. It has to be spontaneous. It shouldn't be taught at 9:45—tomorrow at 10:00—and then you see it at 10:00 tomorrow is not ready you get all up in a half because we did it last week, we did it the week before. My thing is go the hell out of the routine and become spontaneous.

**Mackenzie:** To be personal for a moment, I guess your teenage daughter came home and tells you that she is having sexual relations with her steady boyfriend. What's your response?

**Schlesinger:** My daughter is not that age yet. But I would respond because it is a hypothetical question at the moment for me

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You hear of 12-year-olds experimenting with sex, with no idea what the results are

gum might be very convincing to many Canadians, men or women, can be quite unadvised, have a wonderful sexual life, without this so-called organ. You know, exposure is a physical reaction. To me when I relate to my wife or anyone else relates to the loved one, the warmth, the caring, the sharing, the holding is much more important than that organ that lasts a few seconds. And that is why if I had my way, I would try to help people see that the organ isn't the end all.

**Mackenzie:** Does sexual frustration apply to the great many Canadians?

**Schlesinger:** I do not have statistics, but I believe that among the 23 million people in this country there are quite a few who are frustrated. When I say frustrated, I really mean that they have an unsatisfactory sexual life in their present state. When I am suggesting it that in 1977, if a couple

I would be very upset, personally. I would speak to her so whether they were among ourselves or not. If they were I would try to talk her to get the proper conclusion and possibly even be in going with the boyfriend. I would talk to both of them.

**Neanderthal:** What would you say?

**Neanderthal:** Well, first I would want to ask them what their relationship was all about, talk about sexual relations. And probably I would get very frustrated because I would never see with their eyes.

**Neanderthal:** But it just has feeling that your daughter should not be having sexual relations with her boyfriend?

**Neanderthal:** You're asking me personally, yet. These are my values and I'm willing to stand up, which is more than most people in this area are willing to do, stand up and say that personally speaking I don't see that premarital sex is the end-of-it-to-me enjoyment.

**Neanderthal:** Would it do more harm than good?

**Neanderthal:** I don't know about harm or good. I think that in the past we had all these sure things that you would get pregnant and all of this. The teen-agers could very well argue today that there are contraceptives. But if you're talking personally to me, it's not a question of bad and good. My own feeling is that I can relate to a person and as a relation do not have to be the big satisfaction. For example I hear young people saying, "I got out with my boyfriend and he asked me to prove my love and prove my love means to have sexual intercourse. Why do I have to prove my love?" Can we not relate to each other in love without having to prove it?

**Neanderthal:** But suppose your daughter said that she had put a responsible relationship. Do what grounds do you say no?

**Neanderthal:** To be honest, on the grounds that I grew up with my religious attitude which I follow, which is Jewish, and, of course, my moral traditions, I'm a conservative.

**Neanderthal:** The age of puberty has fallen from the approximate age of 16 years old to about 12 years old in the past 100 years. Do you have that?

**Neanderthal:** Well, this is an interesting effect on the family life in Canada which we really hadn't thought about. A hundred years ago there were many painful marriages at about 17. But you died at age 56, on the average. So you came in early and lived long to there was really a very short period of what they called adolescence. Almost a nonexistent adolescence. What we have done today is that we have prolonged this "savage period" from age 12 to roughly 23 or 24 because the average age of a marriage in this country is 25 for men and 23 for women. The consequence of this elongated period in the dilemma that you just asked me before—when do you let it go that time? Although I wish to say that it wouldn't be like my daughter who was personal interference. I relate the dilemma in Canada is over a period of 10 years, say

12 to 21, in which people are single. The question is what do you say to these youngsters during that period in that no sexual needs are concerned? And I want to admit that I am in a dilemma. What we really have done is we have put tremendous frustrations on young people.

**Neanderthal:** A recent survey of sexual frequency for both men and women per day, from the top of Canada to the bottom. Is there any apparent possible reason for that?

**Neanderthal:** We have to be very careful when we discuss social frequency among countries. I mean, there is a difference between attitudes and sexual behaviors. Now let's say that I get a Canada Council grant, which I won't, for that subject, to do a com-

parative study of sexual behavior in the questions of marriage. I think it's just privacy size. I don't know about the climate but may be my secret is if you're going to make it useful to people with his power or his girl friend etc., do it in private. Not only is nobody else's business but I think marriage and sexual needs really speak your relationship. So, sometimes a child, by mistake does come into the room, don't get upset, don't yell, relax, cover yourself!

**Neanderthal:** What about nudity in the home? Some parents are quite unaccustomed if their children are there nude, fairly often in normal situations around the house. Others would never allow their children to be nude nude.

**Neanderthal:** My only feeling is that adults in general, family thing, in the home way for example that some families have formed at this dinner table. To me nudity is a fairly innocent act if a child grows up in a home where nudity is part of life, there's nothing wrong. It's when you start imposing it on a child or on an adult that women are. So my feeling is that if you're comfortable with it, fine. The other hand, nudity does bring in sexual feelings on both parts and parents and children should be aware of that. Once nudity is there, sexual feelings are there. The question really is what do you do with them?

**Neanderthal:** Do you think that Canadians will deal with the whole question of sexual attitudes and sexual behavior more frankly in the future?

**Neanderthal:** I believe that there are many who today and I think we will do it in a good way, we won't rush into it. We'll debate it, we'll argue it. We will understand our approaches including proper sex education in our schools when we are ready. I think we're moving a little bit in the way where people once and a while will take equal responsibility for contraception. Hopefully we will have a society in which we do not oppress anyone sexually. In that I mean the sexually repressed, the physically handicapped, the aged. We should seem to say to them that you shouldn't have any second life. I think that we're coming to an age where we will have to recognize that each Canadian needs a second life which has to be whole range. And I say it again, the measure of security is not necessarily the frequency of contact or intercourse. I remember speaking to an adolescent of an old-age home and he said they're surprised to see that his baby-parkly goes on. Now once again you start to wonder what do he tell they mean by baby-parkly. Maybe we should encourage more baby-parkly. That would really be good. On the other hand, we cannot throw onto those people who are 75% of the population. I believe, this whole area of sexuality culture, because they grow up at a time where we didn't discuss it. I guarantee that one of the changes in Canada will be that the future generations of a good will be sexually active, sexually aware and sexually experienced. They will enjoy sex and looking at the age of today. And that is to me a very, very good sign.

**Neanderthal:** I'm always in a child to hear or see his parents making love?

**Neanderthal:** Well, acts are various because about that. My own feeling is that if parents at all can help it, they should try to lock their room. And it may not only be

## The Assumption of Survival



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positive study of sexual behavior among adolescents. English-speaking countries I will go to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Britain—all the Commonwealth countries—not the United States. And my study is, I will talk to each country 1,000 people about the frequency of sexual behavior.

**Neanderthal:** You're talking me that this kind of survey is pretty available.

**Neanderthal:** Yes, it is, it is pretty available. But chance I might meet people who might say to me now a week. Not only that, could frequency is a private matter. You come in one, I want to get rid of you and I usually average to be, in other words, I love confidence my frequency.

**Neanderthal:** I'm always in a child to hear or see his parents making love?

**Neanderthal:** Well, acts are various because about that. My own feeling is that if parents at all can help it, they should try to lock their room. And it may not only be

## Insights into Insurance

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# What's more important: keeping Quebec on a map, or making the country work?

Column by Abraham Rotstein

**The Time:** The near future  
**The Setting:** A large conference room, as one of the several unoccupied federal government buildings in Hull. ("Neutral Ground" would suit it.)  
**The Occasion:** After long volleys of civility, the beginning of the real negotiations between English Canada and Quebec on the question of separation.  
**The Players:** Both sides have kindly been forced to come to the bargaining table by a realization that they are locked in to a political paradox. Two huge populations hold one.

1. English Canada cannot keep Quebec in Confederation against her will.
  2. Quebec cannot leave peacefully without English Canada's consent and some degree of cooperation.
- A reasonable force is consequently a movable object. This dilemma sets the stage for a hard look at the politics of separation even though eventual separation is far from a foregone conclusion.

Talk the question of culture, for example. The English-Canadian team is likely to advance the argument that only in a united Canada does French culture have a chance of survival. But is it a sound argument? What is our record thus far, as preserving our own culture? Every time someone in Canada trades his TV for the choices are two out of three that he will be watching an American program. Every time he buys a magazine or a book the chance is 95% that it is a foreign language and 90% that it is a foreign work. If the films in Canadian cinemas are foreign. Difficult for English Canada to tell Quebec on the idea that we're going to be a bulwark in the preservation of their culture.

A similar paradox will be posed if English-Canadian indifference to the control of its own economic future. In resources, in money financing, and even in the trade union movement, tiny divisions on English Canada's future are being made in American head offices.

So what is it that we are trying to preserve in English Canada? How indeed, are we even to begin to understand Quebec's argument about its cultural and economic survival when we have shown so little concern for our own?

In only one area does the English-Canadian outlook here a clear and strong sense of self-interest. For most English Canadians, Canada is first and foremost, "The Dominion from sea to sea." Ever since we were children, we have been aware that the "pink" on the map covers the sea from Atlantic to Pacific and north to the Pole. At

the risk of only slight exaggeration, we may say that the self-image of English Canada is one-dimensional, concerned first and foremost with the integrity of its territory, "map-porn," if you like.

While this "territorial imperative" may be central to the English-Canadian sense of concern, it may nevertheless be extremely difficult to articulate and may suddenly appear to be more palpable. Hence the dream of Quebec independence is likely to be



perceived only in one dimension. The "threat" becomes magnified virtually as a dagger aimed at the heart of our existence the one and only thing that seems suddenly at stake is whether the saw-toy will be broken up! And if it is, then the blow must indeed seem to be a mortal one, for in what other dimension can English Canada foresee its own survival? If the threat persists, what other measures are there to such a mortal blow but military action?

It will take nothing less than a sea change in English Canada's perception of itself to enable it to accept to the bargaining table fully prepared to discuss the many other issues that are actually at stake. But it would be a healthier, more aware, and more effective negotiator if it did.

After all, there is more potential common ground to be explored than we presently acknowledge. Economic, atmospheric, should, in my view, be regarded as an area where no one, perhaps, talks out and incense some results that are mutually beneficial, and move forward from there

Successful negotiations can build on the growing confidence that the two parties can acquire in each other from areas of common agreement instead, in a widening of topics, or perhaps first-order action, the most open one from English Canada, that a vote for independence by Quebec will produce a hostile reaction on the economic front. Intriguing the opposite players and raise the stakes.

Third, hard of political consensus is bound to be self-defeating. The more the revolt becomes self-filling to the degree that English Canada can be prepared for the evening. Quebec, as a hostile, intransigent, and manipulative partner.

A group of English Canadians, including myself, who have begun to think differently about the issues is the Committee for a New Constitution. In initial statements about

- the right of Quebec to choose at one (or several) future
- the parallel right of English-speaking Canada to declare in principle, determine as constitutional features, and protect its own legitimate interests
- the obligation of both communities to conduct negotiations in a spirit of goodwill aimed at mutual accord

These points, we feel, should be the basis for a dialogue on a new constitution for Canada. As one of the two parties to the dialogue, English Canada should afford as much as to move in the same direction of its existence and to remain a national entity, come what may. But it should also explore, at every level, what possibilities there are for a real accommodation with Quebec. Quebec's aspirations will have to be jointly examined on the constitutional, economic, cultural and territorial fronts. But what are our own concerns and aspirations that need safeguarding? How can we co-exist, and what else that remains vital to us? I am not certain we are yet in a position to answer these questions in any coherent fashion.

Canada is no easy way to add country, the house of writing paradoxes striving for consensus. After all, for over three decades, one of our leading political parties has been asserting that it is both "progressive" and "conservative" in the same time. Why should we now find it so surprising that the leading Quebec party is simultaneously for "sovereignty" and "independence"? The political path, as always, is to find the balance between the two.

Abraham Rotstein is a professor of political science at the University of Toronto.



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and opposing points of view, each with merit in the eyes of its supporters. It was part of the Health Care System that Bill Lilly made the presentation of medical instruments to medical students in the mid-1980s. Part of our motivation at that time was commercial, in the more honorable context in which Dr. Green has chosen to advertise his own services. But part of our motivation was also altruistic, to discharge our responsibility, as we saw it, to support medical education. Dr. Green might find it difficult to accept this aspect of the program (as he points out) but donors of medicine across Canada concerned and recognized it as honorable. We continue to support medical education today but in different ways. Both medicine and pharmacy are, in part, knowledge systems of which Bill Lilly is a responsible member. The communication of economic drug knowledge is part of the pharmaceutical marketing process. The well-timed sales representative is an integral part of that process. In our view physicians are highly intelligent, independent thinkers by nature, disappointed by money, and concerned about their patients by instinct. It is the ultimate absurdity to believe otherwise, as Dr. Green implies, that a gift tongue and some slick advertising or a gimmick will convince such a person to use a particular drug to treat him or her.

B. G. BOWEN, MANAGER, BILL LILLY AND COMPANY (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO

### Nothing new under the ground

We found *A Gem By Any Other Name* still sells its *Shells* (August 10) about "Calcutta" very interesting. But the source of this name is not a secret. Calcutta is made of the very great shell of an ancient. This species of ammonites (shells of extinct sea life) is found in the 70-million-year-old Boreas shale deposits of Alberta, as well as in the Pierre shale of Montana. Ammonite shell has been made into jewelry since for the past 11 years under the name of "amalgam" or "Alberta opal".

### Where they stop, somebody knows

Barney At The Race (July 13) made reference to a statement by Environment Minister Raimo LaFlamme that he considers the phenomenon of large-scale movement of air pollutants over North America to be a potentially serious environmental problem. This is correct. More than a year ago the Department of Fisheries and the Environment carried a major research program called the Long-Range Transport of Air Pollution Program (LRTAP). This program is designed to assess the nature of environmental damage in Canada which may be caused by the low density of air pollutants associated with their long-range transport. Acid rain is of particular concern in Quebec, the Atlantic Provinces and parts of Ontario because these regions receive the fall-out from pollutants carried

king distances from central Canada and parts of the United States. It is far for this reason that the origin effort within the LEPAP program is education outside Canada. For some time now our department has been pressing for the adoption of a policy of containment at source for all pollutants. This entails the removal of pollutants before they reach the atmosphere rather than relying on dispersion from oil stacks.

ROBERT D. IRVING, SPECIAL ASSISTANT  
(ENVIRONMENT) OTTAWA

#### By its deeds what you know it

There is no question of recognizing the "independence" of the Conservative Parties

from Moscow as David North points out in *Encounter* (July 23). Similarly, there is nothing new in the thesis that "Marxism has to be adapted to national realities." But the idea of the separation of Communism to a new concept. This version was launched in the West by those who for a long time have wished to see Communism divided, splintered and in the end, extinct. I think British Foreign Secretary, David Owen, is quite right in his suspicion of the term "Eurocommunism" because it implies that there is "something common between the Communists Parties." Communism is the same everywhere if we mean the principle ideas and purposes of Communism.

to create a society where there would be no oppression of man by man and where the concept "from each according to his ability to each according to his needs" will triumph.

JOSE LOBANCZY  
ASSISTANT PRESS ATTACHE  
USSR EMBASSY IN CANADA, OTTAWA

In *A Loss of Faith* (September 3) by Herbert de Souza, the author's meaning was rendered in a crucial passage by an editing error. *De Souza had written that French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre "stubbornly continues to celebrate the Traditional Mass."* Somehow this came out "stubbornly rejects." *Providence edited, no doubt.*

#### Speaking in tongues

In *Canada's Problem Is Not Too Much French*... (August) Gordon Sinclair just said Canadians of French, Scotch, Japanese, Portuguese, Italian and all other backgrounds are equal footing. Now, then, can he conclude that Canada is lucky to have two official languages and cultures? Why not a few on or eight, including Hindi, Armenian, Indian? Sinclair seems confused between "possessing" and "speaking." I don't think Americans are "a bit shame-faced about stamping out French." I'm in favor of the worldwide trend to simplify communications and improve understanding within and between nations. Such progress is delayed when you throw up national language barriers between people.

CHARLES LONG, YENNA, VA.

I hate to contradict Gordon Sinclair but I think Spanish is the most beautiful language in the world; beauty in this case is in the ear of the listener. The French of "les Canadiens" is not French but a patois, as any continental European will tell you.

V. J. CARR, VALENTIA, BC

We need more French on western Canada like we need a hole in the head. I was born in Ontario, brought up in Manitoba and I learned to speak French during my four years in the First World War. For 50 odd years I have been living, working, preaching, and teaching in western Canada and recently, repeat, not once since I've been called upon to speak a word of French. It's about time the people in eastern Canada woke up to the fact that there is a lot to Canada besides Toronto and Montreal. One day you'll find that Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver will be great cities and they won't talk in terms of French courts and they won't need French on their coat of arms boxes either.

GEORGE H. HANBLEY, WINNIPEG

Canada's biggest problem is the fact that there are not enough Gordon Sinclairs. How refreshing to know that there are still many Canadians who are ready to try to understand their fellow French Canadians.

MARCEL P. RAYMOND, MONTREAL

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If Gordon Sinclair wants to be being "Scottish," I must conclude that he is "over-proof."

LYNNE MOORE-OWEN, REGINA

It was both refreshing and encouraging to read of Gordon Sinclair's emotional and sentimental underlining of the Quebec situation. Anglo-Franco unity.

BRUNDA JENSEN, OTTAWA

In Gordon Sinclair about to cut another picture on soap-opera flap-swing? Very well for him to chop-chop on the story of the French language in this country, particularly in Quebec, but there are more important things to reckon with. For example, the economy, education, justice (for instance, respect for minority rights) and so forth. Collectively, a score of us French families in having every day for other parts of the country because of the socioeconomic and cultural differences, as recently pointed out in this province.

FRANK'S BERNARD, DOREAL, QUE.

Never living once a Gordon Sinclair fan and having learned a lot of this gulf with degree, I have to admit now that, for once I agree with everything he says in his contribution to the *Kalifornia* Letter.

FRANK'S BERNARD, DOREAL, QUE.

If this is socialism, he'll take scotch! The writer of Canada, *You're So Close After All These Years* (August 8) who didn't already know. The "pop-occupation" either with taking off for peeling on others," referred to as being the attitude of Canadianism this summer, seems rather to be the preoccupation of the writer of this article. It was disappointing to hear I'm sure more interesting and unusual events have taken place throughout Canada recently.

IN BAZZO, EDMONTON

I was very much engaged by your photograph accompanying *Canada You're So Close*—showing the home lying on the ground. This was not the subject of a joke and this poor animal did not you decide to be drawn—be collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Several of these hermits have collapsed and died from heat exhaustion and overwork.

MICHAEL GINS, QUEBEC CITY

Been here, written about, seen, and Mark Nichols' *Among Typewriters* (August 8) reminds me that many generations dwellers have been durable and durable but that they've never corrected my grammar (sic).

J. D. MACFARLANE, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, THE TORONTO SUN, TORONTO

We the staff writers at *The Toronto Sun*, enjoyed reading *Among Typewriters* about *The Toronto Sun*, a newspaper with the same name as ours. We enjoyed learning that that other *Sun* has columnists with the

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The MacFarlane boys and girls nobody knows: nothing but faces on the newsroom floor

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VANLINES

where Barbara Aronoff did the think piece on the Hollywood party festival (June 17), I exposed a flood of comments from enraged fans. The shoddy silence has been curious, with two exceptions: only a comment from husband George (August 1). One would think that he would have slipped her a note at breakfast, or perhaps called her on the blower, or written an oblique message on the bathroom mirror.

There are a couple of unfair representations we would like to clear up. In a passage about editorial director J.D. MacFarlane publishing an Assessment Notice (AN) of the paper's performance, we are described in an "anti-MacFarlane" context" because we began publishing our own Alternate Assessment Notice (AAN). Had Nichols taken the time to speak to a few reporters, he would have realized we are anything but "anti-MacFarlane." The AAN was created initially as a parody of the official AN and to serve as a voice for the reporters. Merely because we don't need a Gold and, secondly, because most of us are terribly insecure. We laugh at management and we laugh at ourselves. We are allowed that freedom. MacFarlane is one of our bigger bosses. He reads the *Sun* every day. Simply, the anti-MacFarlane tag lacks a modicum of truth.

Seconds after your photographer took the picture of the "Sunshine Boys and Gals" to accompany the article, the forgotten reporters and editors had their own picture snapped in the same setting. Management loved it and a copy is enclosed so that you might see what your photographer missed by leaving so quickly. Perhaps our top-rated news stories don't make as good reading as Nichols's musings for not writing, or Porter's tediousness, or publisher Creighton's love of minutiae. They do, however, make the *Sun* tick.

THIS AAN ECHOES THE TORONTO SUN TORONTO

I have read and reread the article on The Toronto *Sun* but nowhere can I find the terms "news story," "gossiping," "news," "gossip," "just once before," or "rehearsal." Instead Nichols shrilly informs me that Toronto is "one of North America's few remaining free-news-paper cities," which, of course, optimistically assumes that the *Sun* is, indeed, a newspaper. The possibility for printing as even marginally complimentary portrait of the *Sun* is both scary and unavoidable. Make no mistake: the flame thrower please.

CORR CORNAN TORONTO

**The Japanese work in mysterious ways**  
When Barbara Aronoff did the think piece on the Hollywood party festival (June 17), I exposed a flood of comments from enraged fans. The shoddy silence has been curious, with two exceptions: only a comment from husband George (August 1). One would think that he would have slipped her a note at breakfast, or perhaps called her on the blower, or written an oblique message on the bathroom mirror.

DOROTHY LOTT MANTON  
ABINGVILLE, ONT



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## Preview

### Making the world even safer for democracy

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The Tornado: just the thing to fly the unfriendly skies

NORAD happier—first because it spreads the collective defense cost a little more equitably, and second because that two billion is going to one or another of them, either France (for the Mirage), the United States (for the F-15, Eagle, Hornet, or F-16), or Germany/Britain/Italy (for the Tornado).

### Let there be light

Nearly 50 years ago, in the first take, *The Jazz Singer*, Al Jolson prophesied: "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Except color, wide screen, 3-D, stereophonic sound, etc., etc., we still ain't heard, seen or felt nothin' yet. Jennings H. Long, who knocked filmgoers out of their seats with *Sensational* (Earthquake, Mulvey, RKO/Rossmore) is pioneering, at Universal Studios, a new system that will integrate an on-theater light show with the on-screen film. Called, sensibly, Light-around and Light-after, the process is just about perfected, according to Long, but so far not applied to any film property—though its debut appears to be set for all preferably something with thunderstorms, so the audience can be tin

with lightningly like a question is, why better? The answer is "Why put in color? Why put in sound? You gotta move, pal, you gotta move." Besides, among *Earthquake*, *Mulvey* and *Rossmore*, they've grossed about \$200 million.

### A man for this season

For Ted Allen, it's about to be a very good year—no, that's understating it. Allen, the Montreal-born playwright, author and screenwriter, flies to China in October as part of a Canadian team seeking to shoot parts of a \$10 million De Niro's *Reds* film—the first Canadian cop—based on a biography he wrote in 1962. When he returns, production begins in Toronto and Montreal for the sequel to his immensely successful (eight-million-dollar-plus gross) *Les My Father Told Me*, the new film, only partly cast, is called *Love Is A Long Shot*. About the same time McClelland and Stewart will be publishing a children's book, *Wilde the Sparrow*.



Rossmore and Allen: having the time of his life

which Allen wrote in 1950. Then, in the spring, his close friend John Cassavetes (*Hush*, *A Woman Under the Influence*) will direct Allen's *I've Seen You Car Lemon*, a brother-sister love story starring Cassavetes and with Gina Rowlands. Then Ben Gazzara and Janice Rule plan to film yet another Allen play, *The Seven Of The World*.

### Choo-choo Canada

It's probably just coincidences that, in three days of national crisis, eight trains have been ordered to cross the land, bringing Canadians to the Car. 1978. Starting next summer, however, 11 new (or new) digital equipment for *Unity* (Tux) will begin a five-year mission to 12 coast-to-coast-kilometers depicting the "human, social and cultural mosaic of the Canadian heritage." (The quote comes from



Discovery Train: no scheduled choo-choo, but still off we go

Jennifer MacQuinn, editor and managing director of National Museums of Canada, the director of the project.) As it is, however, from it's already got a track record: it was the U.S. Bicentennial train in 1976. And did we ever get a deal from them—a \$6.5 million price of machinery for a mere \$575,000? The cost was picked up by all the provinces, save one (that it begins with Q). The train is currently in Ottawa, being Canadianized.

# Canada

A minor rebellion, to be sure—but a rebellion, nonetheless



Undomestic flagpoles poked into the Ottawa skyline marked the doom that befell Quebec's warlords, no longer bearing the fleur-de-lis emblems of a distant government. At the administrative centre of Fort Chimo the water delivery truck at last avoided the horns and officers of provincial employees; they were leading their own water in a makeshift plywood tank strapped onto a dump truck. But there was the only cause and effect of conflict in this remote area: the first provoked the country's attention by lowering the Quebec flag and asking government employees and provincial police to leave until language differences were settled. Less obvious was the fact that provincial schools remained shut, community leaders of the 4,000 Quebecers here, refusing to permit distribution of provincial welfare cheques and a detachment of riot police, dispatched from the south at the outset of the confrontation, still languished inside the Fort Chimo prison that a three-week strike was setting in among the fears that the southern repression, politicians and a Toronto businessman who had jumped behind their cause had done so far reasons that had little to do with native well-being or language concerns.

English at last established as the French's

second language and Quebec's Bill 101, the *Charte de la langue française*, was at last truly seen as a threat by those who felt that they will be forced to adopt another European language while their own French was being eroded under the intense pressures of northern development. They are also worried about being cut off from English-speaking host elsewhere in the Canadian North. What they want guaranteed above all is the power to determine their own rate of introducing French into their dealings with the Quebec government. But the score of reporters who squandered into the warzone U.S. Air Force base came convinced that Fort Chimo's only hotel were filling stores with food departing the front as a vanguard of a federal attack on Quebec's language law and Premier René Lévesque's imperious government.

It was the offer by Toronto developer Camille Miles to brotherly in court fight that caused least leader Charlie Watt to draw back from the vortex of the Quebec-English Canada linguistic and constitutional imbroglio. The 66-year-old Miles was born in Canada but educated in Italy and he's furious that Quebec language legislation, restricting English schooling to children whose parents were schooled in English at Quebec, would bar his children

**The truth of Fort Chimo listening to their leaders and to the people from Quebec City: no outside help wanted**

from English public schools in that province. When he heard of the latest resistance he whispered Watt is Fort Chimo and flew to Montreal to meet him. Miles said the meeting was warm, but Watt refused the money. He has retired to Fort Chimo, fitzgerald and disaffected. Watt remarked that the southern entrepreneur had shown only passing concern for the north. "He seemed to have some other cause—saving Canada. That's not our fight at the moment."

Undaunted, Miles was also offering financial backing to the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal which, along with the Provincial Association of Catholic Teachers, have been accused by Lévesque of engaging in "administrative and disobedience" in reaction to Bill 101. As to every back-to-school week in Quebec since René Lévesque's government was introduced, his then controversial language legislation, Bill 22, in 1974, the island of Montreal was caught up early in the month in the continuing controversy over restricted access to English schools. However, with Bill 101's criteria for access to

English schools—much stricter than the proficiency test prescribed by Bill 22—the number of students illegally enrolled in English classrooms jumped suddenly from several hundred to an estimated 3,000.

The Protestant school board and the Catholic teachers' union Lévesque's act by openly admitting the children of parents who were prepared to defy the law. Chances in an *Anglophone* edition the board is willing a fine legal case in explaining the law to parents but refusing to support it. In an extraordinary statement to the press, he said that if the school board had no grants cut off in retaliation it would turn to industry to make up the difference—which would in effect transform the English school system into a private system.

The Parti Québécois education minister, Jacques-Yves Morin, was reacting angrily, saying no children would be evicted from school. "French children were raised from French schools by police in Ontario in 1917, but that won't happen in Quebec. Only parents would do something like that," he said. There were no declared plans to sue parents to reimburse schools for the cost of education. Nevertheless, grants would not be given to cover pupils illegally attending English schools, and they would not be of family recognized or granted diplomas.

Privately, some Parti Québécois members are delighted by the show of defiance of the school boards and the claim that they can survive on donations from industry. It confirms the idea that English Quebecers are determined to assimilate into the English-speaking community and reaffirms the stereotypes of the English community having easy access to the largest industries and corporations—no supporters feel that such access will prevent the well-paid, big business—industrialist of Bill 101 the bilingual community to support. What would make that a serious dream come true would be a decision by the federal government to curtail, or the Supreme Court to disallow, the bill. In fact, the provincial school board turned to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau asking him to order the language bill to the Supreme Court, another action that if taken would have delighted the *anglophone* who did not rule out the possibility that Trudeau might not be the best, and considered the school board again using civil disobedience to frustrate the intent of Bill 101. "I've always been of the opinion that, if the law is bad, we should change the government," he said, adding the intention in Quebec to vote Liberal.

However, Trudeau did not see the opportunity to make another pitch to the provincial provinces for curbing the minority language rights in the Constitution, one of his pet projects. This time there was a new twist to his proposal. Quebec would be given special status, something Trudeau has always opposed as principle in the past. While parents would be granted freedom of choice by the proposed constitutional



agreement to send their children to English or French schools at the other side of the province, Quebec would be allowed to discriminate according to the language of education of the parent. Thus, as at Bill 101, only children whose parents were taught in English could attend English schools. The only difference from Bill 101 is that children whose parents move to Quebec from other provinces would be allowed to attend English schools. Thus the constitutional amendment would achieve the same result as the proposed agreement offered by Lévesque to the other provinces last month and rejected.

Trudeau's strategy was clear: he was attempting to isolate Lévesque by making his bluff. When Pierre Trudeau, now an aged Trudeau's offer, using tradition again that Trudeau might call an election to reinforce his drive for a constitutional position of minority rights.

Meanwhile, far to the north, the least mentioned this last development was a new suggestion to Bill 101 were doing their best to keep things out of Fort Chimo's community and hoping ahead of any modest first police, hailed the once-

weekly news/born at the top-up outfit. A six-back-up the post office was responsible for carrying basic-sized packages that purple/red/white. DATED THOMAS/CHRISTIAN THOMAS/IAN McEWAN

## OTTAWA/WASHINGTON

### A pipe dream come true

It was quarters atop on a Friday night in Ottawa. Alan MacEachern, the government House Leader, and James Selinger, the United States energy secretary, had been having much other over a baguette table for three hours. Now they had finally reached agreement on an Alaska Highway pipeline to carry Alaskan natural gas across the Yukon and then down through the western provinces to the gas-hungry United States. "Well," said a weary MacEachern to an equally weary Selinger, "I guess we called the 'all-ends' end." Together they walked out of the baguette room, bearing, to meet the press and report their opinion. "None of the small details have been worked out," Selinger, "but the fundamentals have been."

The following week after meeting in





Schreyer (above) and Lynn (right) see that a reform is another man's preoccupation

social discontent who urged his friend to everyone else by supporting the Conservative government in 1958. Schreyer won his eight years of administration over his belt, not to prevent a fourth electoral defeat. He has a record record of social reform, but some political blowback.

He has introduced public works programs, a dental care program for schoolchildren and, carrying a \$40 million surplus into the last election, was able to establish education programs. The government has also increased help to public housing and northern hydro development. At the same time, it has kept private and corporate income taxes high and saved severe recession damage. The Manitoba Development Corp., a government-owned lending agency, has moved more and more into private control of crippled companies. One of its concerns, Southern AgriCorp. Corp. Ltd., lost through more than \$25 million before being shut down in 1975. In another reorganization, the province's public housing agency was dissolved earlier than that of playing out the hands of first moving land speculation and driving the cost of land in Winnipeg even higher. A call of nonpartisan stock place and the corporation's general manager was replaced in July. A similar shake-up hit the tourism department, based on charges of nepotism.

Lyne, 58, is facing his first general election since becoming Conservative leader in 1975. He finds it represented it with much frustration, having been tapped by the night to lead the party that ousted former leader Sidney Spivak who was unable to keep the more conservative program in line. "We" Lyne (named for his hair, never his Tory politics) in working economic issues hard. He has promised to cut income taxes and reduce succession duties and mineral resource taxes. A conservative reduction in government spending would be accomplished without a wholesale dismantling of new programs, he says.

Personal appeal may not be Lyne's strong suit with the electorate, but he is seen as a solid political veteran. Appointed



Ministry general by the former premier Duff Roblin in 1961, he served for eight years. He lost a bid for the leadership in 1967 and returned to private life when Roblin's successor, Walter Watson called on all advanced socialist two years later. Then in 1974, he was drafted to contest James Richardson's federal seat. He lost, but established his political profile sufficiently to make him a natural for the provincial leadership a year later.

Richard has yet to get a piece of the political rock in Manitoba. Defeated in a general election and a subsequent by-election,

he led the three Liberal members of the legislature from a seat in the public gallery during the last session. One isn't working reelection, the other one is sold. The question remains, though, whether Richard can get himself elected. The Liberal's main role will be that of spender in many ways, the Conservatives might otherwise pick up. In Resurrection, for example, where Schreyer held his seat in a two-man seat last time by a mere 188 votes, the Liberals are fielding a candidate who could stop Conservative strength and assist Schreyer's tenure. Among the other members of the Liberal's coalition in this is an advertising, the party now can offer to its competitors as "the two old established parties in Manitoba."

MATTHEW BARNES

## CHARLOTTETOWN

### Duff Jimmy

There's an old joke about the telephone who makes his living peddling a story to keep elephants away. "But there isn't an elephant for hundreds of miles around here," his prospective customers protest. "Shows how well it works," comes the reply.

Inspector Ben Bain, tactical commander at the Atlantic Police Association in Charlottetown, might not get the point. He makes his living leading terrorists at his headquarters, the Maritime provinces. Terrorists? In the Maritime provinces? "Some it's nice here," comes Ben's reply, "but the place that is regarded as the most dangerous place for the revolutionary groups and terrorists is here. We have to be ready."

Bain, 39, a 28-year veteran of the Canadian armed forces, was schooled by the British command and served in Ireland, the Maldives and Asia. How he attracts Atlantic region's leading police officers in the use of weapons and in tactics such as negotiating for hostages (his firm or society however) comes from the

Bain showing his folks how to stop a mob of left-winged and right-winged rioters



knowledge amassed he conducts for police forces locally and in the United States, including a recent appearance before the International Police Chiefs Association in New Orleans. With his access to an arsenal of weapons confiscated from criminals in the Atlantic provinces, his lecturers are persuaded with becoming demonstrations of firepower ranging from pocket pistols through sawed-off shotguns to the powerful riotguns that can blow a hole in the side of a car. In fact, in some seminars he demonstrates the need for using only bullets from confiscated weapons. "Only the bad guys get a good weapon," he says as he fires off half a dozen riotgun shots, obliterating marks made by the standard police issue .38-caliber pistol he demands as a

test. He concludes that there's a very real war going on between the good guys and the bad guys, one that can spill over into the Maritime region at any moment. "There's no border in New Brunswick that serves all stops here. We're not in a hotbed of terrorism that's coming over our way. It happens here." He Bain, a way of life as it stands. "There are some very angry people who are well informed, and if we don't face up to this our society may go to any way."

Bain's message to his students and fellow officers is that they should be "defensively equipped" and prepared to use their weapons. There's no point in trying to be nice when you're protecting your own or someone else's life—so he means needs hollow round bullets. "They will march down and step on impact and perhaps take the life of an innocent bystander. You don't want to stop the guy behind the person you're firing at, you want to stop the person's movement. In fact, even though the doctrine for applications was increased, barely 3,000 rounds in the required six weeks resulted in the province. The requirement did set back the vision of the program, but the first 1,000 rounds were allocated and on-the-job experience emerged planned to start in early summer finally began in early September.

Critics argue that it was the strategic doctrine with a 1,000 round program, but the end of the 10-week trial, this is called off today's pragmatic youth for a life of physical labor and rough living conditions. As it turned out, contrary to its stated purpose of creating social and economic balance, Kaituma has appeared almost entirely to middle-class white youth who are even more on economic financial hardship than their parents.

Kaituma has been introduced with a stream of newcomers—Barney's Brown.

Barney's, a Conservative, is a 34-year-old South sea, a group organizer in Kaituma, then shows the Jewish cultural in music, Barney's Brown Jewish. Newcomers across the country have turned their backs on the program to a ghastly carnage of 1960s-style gangs, which included men and women 26 years old for work in white-



Kaituma kids preparing and reporting a camp for the last day—some will be

socioeconomic groups to work side-by-side in urban neighborhoods are the reality, become bilingual and the theory, live with the experience. Finally, the Kaituma camp is now being to take shape, the reality falls far short of the dream.

The adventure started early this year to recruit 1,000 young people, aged 17 to 22, to spend 30 months doing work in which "they can best apply their education, imagination, creativity, intelligence and best."

The name Kaituma is an Inuit word for meeting place, and Denise happily accepted that it would stand a mark of 12,000 people. In fact, even though the deadline for applications was increased, barely 3,000 youths in the required six weeks resulted in the province. The requirement did set back the vision of the program, but the first 1,000 rounds were allocated and on-the-job experience emerged planned to start in early summer finally began in early September.

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ness areas. One small Ontario project, the Owen Sound project, is a working educational, calls Kaituma. "Denise's plan for modern day slavery" and "the greatest thing since clean guns and cooler lobes." The National Union of Students has accused Kaituma of failing to contribute to personal or economic development.

The program was launched with an eight-million-dollar operating budget for its pilot year, but soon later rose and the budget is now at \$10 million, which breaks down to \$10,000 per participant per year.

Because Kaituma is a one-year pilot project, its head office, based in Montreal, appears determined to make a work. There is enormous concern that Kaituma participants be able to perform properly. As much as many are anxious about the St-Denis, Quebec, the emphasis was on group dynamics. One exercise, for instance, involved entering a dark room, removing light or uncomfortable clothing, including shoes or socks, and leaving communication through touch and smell. A would-be group leader, David Southwick, 26, from Peterborough, Ontario, was dismissed after a couple of months because he wasn't dressed at all; he received violent contempt pressure to conform. "It is Kaituma that comes first, not the individuals in the program, and that is not a frightening," he says.

Though admirably disappointed with the beginnings of Kaituma, Denise nevertheless remains open to the idea even when the idea of making Kaituma never mandatory. "I think it's possible," he says. "I don't know that it's necessarily desirable. I think people should be motivated, but I have no baggage about it."

Among the 30 May groups, a third of participants working on one of the five projects—organizing a camp for the equality and physically handicapped in Quebec's Gaspésie. While some look good. As one concerned "I wouldn't make it for anything."

JULIAN WOLFE



## It may have been a Land of the Giants, but the little guy was clearly king

Business column by Peter Brimelow

Only one morning saw such energy from the "Business and the New Quebec Risky" conference held in Montreal at the end of August by The Financial Post and the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales. René Lévesque, the Scourge of Confederation, is usually an easy-going, judiciously aloof (neutral). That's how he seemed at the conference closed, anyway, when Lévesque finally broke away from journalistic prying him about the simultaneous matings of the Montreal Premier School Board and the town of Fort Chimo and shot through the milling crowd of all Quebec businessmen with his matching courage and flustering unruly style efforts in tow. The group was oddly reminiscent of Sam Whit's Secret Society. Except that they weren't laughing. And it had been made very clear that any suggestion they might have been French.

The real value of such conferences is the reason men of the calibre of Lee Kitchin of the Business Group Investments Ltd. and Arthur Chisholm of City by Board House Foods Limited will spend a day sitting in uncomfortable lecture rooms with sharp-edged simultaneous translation microphones pinned into their ears, a subtle and complex in atmosphere. The "New Quebec" conference, however, was clearly a year in office longer in the mood manfully. And businessmen got the chance to talk to each other in their own speaking language like English. The notes down disinterestedly in Quebec, much worse than Canada overall. Hence, they apparently observe, they tell you more than any government's statistics about the damage the 90 has already done to the province's economy.

By some counts, more than half the 800-plus audience was Anglophone. But that didn't stop Lévesque delivering his entire speech in what he described glowingly as Quebec's "first official language." He announced that the 90 was an excellent law, a Canadian success. The microphone promptly recorded him by leaving him silent during his enthusiastic praise of "The Financial Post" as "the best of every day" — the Post is a weekly, and Lévesque knows it — but the audience never noticed. Using English had advantages. Guy Larue, the minister for energy, watched efficiently as he babbled through his long and loud second of Quebec's hydro potential. The audience instantly warmed to him and for the first time, were not bored. Assigned from politics to politics what they regard as a very strong world to Quebec's



Lévesque addressing the confusion of industry: the sound of one hand clapping

wanted to communicate.

Communication levels in Quebec are currently rather depressing. For example, Bill Turner, president of Credit-Union-Bank Ltd., explained with more humor than he must feel that the international corporate success of the Canadian pulp and paper industry has resulted because some wretched technologist has figured out how to process the forest growing trees of the southern forests. The cost of compensating through efficiency. Canadian productivity has been good. Largely reducing government fiscal management, which has temporarily stifled wage mass from worldwide economic reality. Now something has to go. The sort of economic regulation which demonstrates businessmen's lives simply doesn't exist for the new class of businessmen. And the labor leaders who now rule Quebec. General Douglas, Canadian National Director of the United and Workers' movement, regularly in "a system which benefits you."

Another communications failure was obvious when John Lockwood, chairman and president of Canlog Oilfield Limited, revealed being taught to sing. Almost as his arrival from England in 1966, Bernard Landry, Minister of State for Economic Development, pointed out with a look that the song is in effect, the anthem of French-Canadian Uncle Tomism. Which was unlike Lockwood. He was trying to people into their hearts to be happy for "our friends from the government." And Englishmen of his age and class there

symbol of Western capitalism have already shown themselves positively eager to give up its regime for a few bloody scraps of dignity. But admirably, by making this consumer industry adopted to the French Far years ago out of simple desire to sell more. Lockwood had inadvertently exposed the problems that laws, regulations and bureaucrats are essential in French survival.

Having up his pants like a gangster enjoying his heels, dragging on his pants and asking you with the conscious grace of a ballerina in front of the mirror to dance of his own accord to the podium. Lévesque easily demonstrated his control of an audience. He told them that Quebec would separate, that they would and should live with it, and that he was in Kennedy's phone "an idiot without them." Applause was without doubt. Businessmen admire strength. Some did so, saying that they'd learned nothing they didn't already know. But having their complaints about economic life enter about the hands of registering the children for English schools and having their French-speaking children evicted from French schools which were only native francophones. It's clear what they already know in their hearts even if it is not well voiced at school. They are not wanted. René Lévesque, the francophone chairman of Hiramwell Ltd., appealed to the government to remember the economic price France paid for expelling the Huguenots. That policy was justified by Louis XIV's much-cited spokesman. Direct with the slogan as no one else, any for in Quebec today, the cost of a modern,

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# The feast of St. Michel

Blessed (finally) are they who live to eat

By Marci McDonald

In the glowering gill-stations of Versailles, it was not unusual for Louis XIV to summon his court to gaze upon the evening's menu—stomachs reaching from wall down an entire phalanx, a partridge, a mutton, two hens à la mode, a salad and a tray of oysters with jam at sample time. Carrying on the family penchant, if not exactly the family business, Louis XVI calmly sat down to lunch on six oysters and one large chicken washed down by two glasses of white wine before keeping his important reveries with the quackles. But his appetite is reported to have consumed 180 oysters, 12 lamb cutlets, a duck with carrots, a pie of roast partridges and sole à la crème during the course of one dinner, lauded by the simple knowledge that his diet was juicy. Given the fact that the French have never been known for their modesty when it comes to affairs of the stomach, it is possible for newcomers to the country to feel positively ascetic. After all, as the grander custom of gourmandise, what is a mere six months spent dallying with the plump succulence of Moussu's grape-studded quail or savoring over the sheer opulence of Paul Bocuse's celebrated soup coating puff pastry and truffles?

Still, the Sun King expected of just and an unworldly Louis XIV's belly has been immortalized on menus in tribute for all posterity by the masculine hand of Rabelais. As every resident of France knows, the usage of oysters must ultimately count knocking. Having dedicated oneself to searching out the prize catch in the heart of Burgundy where the English monarch approaches refusal, having crossed the valley of the Loire in a pleasant post-lunch with gaudiness and frolic through Bordeaux in a delirium of French oysters and fine gas, I was faced with an equally difficult geographical problem: I could no longer pinpoint the exact location of my vacation.

It was time to be sure, somewhere beyond the international cemetery to my elderly relatives and I languid to oysters as acquaintance I said yes, but even up-down one cannot avoid confessing the trials of the all-around food. Friends charitably suggested oysters, but I am of the persuasion that it is often advised to discover that one's missing those are out of the country.

The thought of feasting was unappealing, not dainty—well, a diet might have been more feasible in a nation where the entire society did not goad to a half each day for a three-hour lunch. But in the dense emerald valleys to delight the heart of any new peasant overlander, a region beyond the widest margins of the dedicated festival, a prospect indeed which could only have been insured in the land of the Grande Bouffe itself, to not any way to the confines of a three-star gourmet apt.

To arrive off colors while sipping on



Guérand and Barthélemy in the Eugénie dining room (right) and one of his "oyster specialties"—an hors d'œuvre of artichokes, truffles, oysters, creamed white asparagus, artichokes and pineapple slices on butter—(above)—eat and be merry

blanchette de vin and tenderest eggs with a cover. The tough off ponds while savoring fluted horns of duckling dressed in a sauce of poached grain, poached and chocolate morsels. All this, combined with nothing more rigorous than reclining daily in a pool of 80-degree spring water reputed to have magical qualities, was the premise of Eugénie-Barthélemy, a holiday in southwestern France which has bargained into the westerner's chosen vacation place where the beautiful and would-be beautiful people have taken to conveying farm samples of the vintage of chef Michel Guérand and what he calls

his shimmering cooking in the grand style—La Grande Cuisine Mousu.

Despite his more than five, six inches, Guérand is regarded as the great of the hour in French cooking—a chef who was the host of Paul Bocuse's first time. For his first restaurant on the outskirts of the frogs of town. In the busy days of the last decade when the world's gastronomical capital was still resting from a new wave of radical young chefs proclaiming what they called a light, airy, delicate, somewhat casual, he was in their vanguard.

Three years ago, he moved south to Eugénie-Barthélemy, a dramatic thermal station in France's poetic rolling Landes region just north of the foothills of the Pyrenees and west of the step further. Breaking what the late legendary chef Fernand Point held once deemed as the cardinal rule of classic French cooking: "Water, and then again more butter." His only diet seemed to disappear with butter, but he threw out most of the other commandments as well. With all the intricacies of a chef and the devotion of an unwavering gourmet, he derived duplications of the great dishes of haute cuisine which hardly graced a colorist chef, meticulous creases which belatedly that bordered not so much as a brush with cream, rich mysterious dark brown sauces that bore not a trace of flour or fat.

France's dried-to-the-bush gastronomes who get word of his experiments were silent in the letter. They brushed him a disservice, a charlatan and some things not so polite. But the critics of French cuisine who ventured to his table soon away reputation to mention former Jules Child, who had turned a panicked eye upon the new-style course, bided time as the first for speech to create something truly original in cooking. James Beard dubbed him unequivocally "number one in France." The New York Times has proclaimed him as the "chef of the Seventies, perhaps the century," and there is no doubt that, beyond the bounds of diet cooking, Michel Guérand is currently the world's most talented chef.

At a time when the topic of dining can keep a conversation going for three days, he raised the subject to respectability if not grandeur. In a historic apt that has suddenly taken to blooming at its corners, he devised a formula to indulge with a





Europe: a return to sumptuous times

byrd and ultimate star

The approach to Europe-as-beast is nothing if not encouraging. Drawing south 10 miles from London, the car meanders through France's green wooded forest, home of romantic writers, and where sharp rain showers at the lay town of Arc-sur- l'Adour which proclaims itself the "capital of fine girls." There suddenly two massive white stone goats look at the end of a

winding country road to leave no doubt that it was here in the heart of all that has come to symbolize gastronomic that our ancestor was born. On the stone posts Michel Geste's name is scrawled in yard-high letters and down an alley of piazzas over the grassy where children called Les Pils at Les Sources d'Agassac (the meadows and springs of Agassac) beckons with the air of a seasonal shrine.

It was here in 1961 that France's last emperor, the striking dark-eyed Eugène, first came to participate in that ancient rite of taking the waters, according to the halls of the three hot natural calcium-sulphate springs that gush out of the site. Guided with her presence, the tiny village which grew up around the bells enjoyed a brief fling as a fashionable spa. By the time a canny French advertising and cosmetics tycoon named Adrien Bunkelberg bought it, along with a handful of other abandoned thermal stations, and handed it over to his 23-year-old second daughter, Christine, it was a thriving little town. The Eugène Chateau was born to be beautiful, the grounds were a testament to nature not man and the clientele consisted of fine ancient lords and ladies who could hardly believe their way back and forth to the hills.

Now, 10 years later, Isabelle Adjani, Jean Reno, Yvel Desnery and Princess Paula of Belgium make the pilgrimage to its palm-tree pool doormat. In the village of 150, the locals have taken to yawning at the



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valle joins of Jaguars and Mercedes disgorge Bordeaux, rycoons and TV money—though there was more than one round anywhere when the Proven Doria of Italy drove up in a Mercedes with her post-album garlanded limo in her own chauffeur-driven limousine right behind.

A heavy vodkaish alcoholism with hydragogue leads three wings of the most sophisticated accommodation the side of survival, ranging from 100-day detox down to 370-day first class, oceanic wash uncolored, hotels, boutiques, wicker and granite single in a small hotel telephone. Every window opens onto yet a more thought-provoking vista—here, an old-

shaded lily pond, there a swimming pool set in a garden scented with weeping willow and daisies. All of it is the artist's observation of Christiane Bruchmann, a shy classic beauty who floats through the room-trailing clouds of Stelmara, a room of long classical hair and, despite a degree in business management, an unmistakable aura of the belle époque. Almost single-handedly she has reconstructed Tagliavento, rediscovering its decaying walls, restoring its faded reputation and finally earning the coup that has assured a watershed renewal—Michael Gutzmer himself has signed for having Paris inside him and died down to an obscure corner of the

Landers was, in the end, a simple one: the married lion.

But over a massive baroque dining table in his study working out the secrets of sublime puff pastry, he looks more like some kitchen boy strayed in from polite pecking than the current king of French haute cuisine. His small, foreworn brow takes on an exaggerated concentration. His two swarthy frame clad in jeans and a T-shirt trumpeting dacha cuisine could pass for a decade younger than his 46 years and bears only a hint of the vacation that has sprung from a lifelong romance. Michel Gutzmer disavows for the world but finally,



## Beethoven Week

NIGHTLY ON CBC STEREO/OCTOBER 17-25



A Beethoven waiter at work among other things, saying on the weight watchers

with a Gallo thing, settles for the simplest way to put it. "I just love to eat," he says.

He sedates himself one of those, propped up in a chair in front of his grandmother's blushing kitchen fireplace, plump stuffed baked potatoes reaching toward the vodka and on the table—looking up, a gleaming fork, cherry just. His father would have to follow in the family tradition, but he clanks from the brutality of the butcher's block and dressed of wearing an antiseptic's mask, playing drama in a jazz band or utilizing the discarded boards—anything to feed his growing taste for the spectacular. Instead, at 16, he followed his well-bred palate and settled for an apprenticeship to a cuisine in the suburbs of Paris, persuaded by his father that it was one vocation where his stomach would at last be satisfied.

Under the watchful eye of a tyrannical connoisseur, he learned the skills that were to stand him in good stead, from forming silky pillows and feathery puff pastry to peeling frogs' legs and, under cover of darkness, distilling his own concentrated brandy. By the time he was drafted into the



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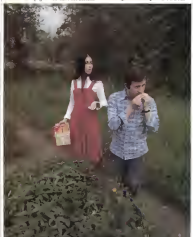
national museum, the officer's club for which he cooked so esteemed his culinary talents that they ate so it that his retire military service seemed produced a break with the military life. He passed a successful life there, going over the classic cuisine of French cuisine from the first 16th-century cookbook of Taillevent, who used stale bread to thicken his gravies, on down to the dictums of La Varenne, who, even to the heyday of Louis XIV, created the basis for menus as we know them today. He soaked up Basile-Lacroix with his vulgar menu extravaganzas, digested all the volumes of Auguste Carême's entire 19th-century cuisine with an codification of 200 menus that remain the staple and glory of French cookery, and re-emerged himself as George-Auguste Escoffier's *Guide culinaire* with its 1915 classic recipes that are still down to 1921 and still regarded in the world of cooking as something akin to The Book of Moses. When Michel Guérard closed the last page, it is a relief for the first

time "that we were in a static world. Nothing had changed since Escoffier. One was supposed to do things only one way. Why not another, I thought?"

Refrains with the risk for innovation, he did start as France's most illustrious kitchen—winning a medal as the country's best pastry chef in 1955 when he presided over the gastronomic ovens of the Hotel Crillon; then moving on to Mouton's and the Lido where he associated lavish festivities in place à d'œuvre for the country's private banquets in 1965, he finally decided that the time was ripe, and so was he. With a book long in his pocket and the homestead away of friends napping in his ear, he raised the only space he could afford and opened his own restaurant in a grimy, shabby-class Arab sold in Paris' seamy working-class as both of Anatolia.

The retire place was so small that it held

Guérard and Barthélemy, showing herbs from the garden, every cabinet a treat.



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only 26 chairs. Lunch began to cluster over workmen from the neighboring river factory, and dinner guests ran the risk of flooding their late-eighteenth-century quarters by a cold bucket of water courtesy of the ancient sprayer. It was cramped, uncomfortable and beyond the definition of merely unpleasant—and within a year the entire last minute of Paris was regarded as way down the stairs back street of Avenue to the Port au Feu. Giscard came and so did Teddy Kennedy and the Berenice Beethovens, not infrequently standing in line at the press the back-door bar for as long as an hour, while lesser mortals had to book six weeks in advance. Within two years, Machel had invited him for first star and the jet set had paid him their highest tribute: Rigoire, Paris nightclub queen, asked him to take charge of her two discotheque kitchens, and later a third in New York, finally establishing him as chef in the city.

The most lavish compliment though came from his confidants of the kitchen who were fighting the battle of the nouvelle cuisine, the young Turks of the tape led by Paul Bocuse of Lyon and the Trappist brother of Burgundy who voyaged out to Aquitaine to lead his culinary revolution. Where once the chefs of haute cuisine passed their secrets upo death and compensated with a vigor usually reserved for canteen under siege, the new breed swapped recipes and even took to serving each other's specialties with full credits on the menu. They belittled each other in the best times and took holidays together in the good. When the old guard of gastronomes stacked their forks into a lighter, less rigidly formal cookery, Machel Giscard sent Paul Bocuse a hand-drawn card

with a saint's agonies. "They tried to suffer because they are persecuted." When Bocuse was awarded France's Légion d'honneur, the entire restaurant cooked up a storm in their kitchens scattered over France and made a gala of it by inviting Giscard to lunch with them at the Elysee.

"We're a different kind, this new generation," says Giscard. "Almost like a mafia. We grow our own eggs because it forces us to grow further and not grow old too young. Instead of cooking a lobster three days before and decorating it as snuffles and aspe to let in some refrigeration, ours is a cuisine where everything is done at the last minute with the freshest ingredients. In the old days, to have a very white sauce one poached it in milk, which I think is abominable. Why cook and water fish in milk just to have it a nice color? The old chefs used to cook a snail (reheat it) in the table in a fluted of cognac with flames shooting all around to create a great drama that resembled a precise impression more than it did cooking. It's false, and, besides, why ruin a good snail by overcooking it like this? Now, when I see a snail (I don't do that) I'm tempted to pour the cognac over him and light a match. If that was gastric cancer, I hope it's dead."

Certainly by late 1973 the culinary pomp and circumstance seemed to be flagging. The newsmen returned with their cookbooks and twice-weekly TV spots were offering a renaissance in French cooking, and Giscard was in their forelocks. One night his fellow chef and friend Pierre Trappier brought a duck grebe heavily

Giscard eating the chef (each in one of his specialties: fish of the century?)



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is 4 years and for the higher designations: Hors d'Age, Grande Réserve, Très V. S. (V. S. stands for Very Special), etc. the minimum is 5 years. This age of the brandy used in these blends will be considerably older. It must be emphasized that this decree of 1965 (and the previous one implicit in it) apply only to Cognac and not to other brandies which may also be called Cognac. Cognac is what all other brandies would like to be.

Published by The House of Cognac, a subsidiary of the J. & W. W. & Co. Cognac Company, Ltd., London, England.

wined Christine Barthelemy into his kitchen at Rajarat's to talk to him about taking on one of her cooks from English-ban-ban as an apprentice. Instead, they talked art and philosophy till 5 a.m. and two people who had each privately determined never to marry found themselves exchanging wedding vows in her family chapel not far from the Spreads border. The nuptial supper was caused by Paul Beane and some of the most celebrated music in French cookery who each came bearing a dish.

It was then that Oudinet was informed the Duc de Fies would be determined to make way for an urban renewal project and his private apartment tumbled like a lamp on fire. He sought out other Paris locations, but each one the landlord seemed to perceive himself inferior, the price too low. He negotiated to buy Maison's, an exquisite 16th-century Alsace manor, but played into de Gaulle's. At the stroke of his gloom, Christine gently suggested he come to take the waters of English-ban-ban. There, as he began to realize what the price and downsides, she also gently suggested that he might look a trifle more handsome with less weight.

For a man who had devoted his life to the glorious glories of battle and combat, the prospect of taking on such a task, Michel Oudinet looked around in horror at his fellow curians dining on gilded carvings and grapefruit sections and went straight

to English's kitchen. "There had to be some way to make that cooking attractive," he said. Cuisse mouton spring slowly from its croquet's embrace.

The breakfast tray arrives with a feathered chicken from the branches outside any kitchen. The duck's early light, however, reveals that its principal ingredient seems to be the plumage which perfectly matches the green downward stream. I brought upon rising a little counter. Sprigs of fresh green leaves and five white china fish to camouflage the fact that all I have been served is one cup of steaming Chateau les a heart-shaped bowl of deflated cottage cheese muddled with one heilane red strawberry and a glass of clear hot liquid with a sugar icing.

It turns out to be the first of endless accommodations with the fabled thermal waters of English-ban-ban which drive to benefit everything from arthritis and liver dysfunction to the simple pleasure of being plump. Over the course of the next week, I will attempt my thinned flesh at morning walks in the warm side of the staff and public warm pools of its performing baby-sampler underwater calisthenics to the constraints of a gym instructor while sprays run up and down my spine.

Not everyone at English-ban-ban agrees to the program. At least half the dining room on any given day is occupied by well-represented guests come to sample the rare pavement of French's eighteenth

and second three-star restaurant. In the baroque chocolate dining room, they mingle sensibly, gourmet's lingering tirelessly over the delicacies of the menu and a piping on Bordeaux, while wary 20th-century warriors must control themselves with proud cards announcing what Michel Oudinet deems proper for their digestive tract that day and demurely beret's pressed up to look like some croquet to past cooked. Alcohol is strictly forbidden for menus and my plume's struggle to secure a glass of white wine were met with a look "ah, ah," from a waiter barely half my age. "We'll let M. Oudinet see you," he said.

Still, the presence of forbidden delights within one's range of vision can try even the most sober. On my first day at English, my companions tucked away puff pastries burning with sweetbread and cream, twined daisies between and a freshy grey pork with wild onion paste, while I was left facing three grilled rock bass, a squash parrot and a chicken broth about myself. To some women the four magic words in life are "Will you marry me?" to others "A little more wine?" The second day things did not improve a great deal when I awoke to the news that it was Friday, a "day of bread" and there would be only bread for lunch. "Bread?" I inquired. "And for dinner?" "More bread," replied the waiter.

In his hours of experimenting in Ro-



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grier's kitchen. Grained had come up  
with the secrets of cream sauces made from  
vegetables run through a blender and a se-  
lection of cultures on how to deliver meat.  
He had replaced salt with the pungency of  
fresh herbs and green peppercorns, done  
away with the sedation of the heaping  
patina in favor of measured plates laid out  
with touches of tiny carved carrots and  
fresh mint leaves, each one an exquisite  
work of art savored under a sterling silver  
cliche. A typical meal added up to 410 cal-  
ories which dandered the eye and pleased  
the palate, and seemed to create new era of  
cooking.

If in 1991 all his seasons didn't re-  
cord, he would swallow on days of despair—  
"What holes were I can't do anything and  
think I'll never cross another day?" But  
every one that followed came first re-  
corder until he had a reputation that he  
dared salutes on the world. When  
Pinner's new-wave gastronomic guru  
Christian Molloy journeyed to Engle-  
wood, he came away like a light and a  
convert to the joys of his cuisine which  
brought out food's flavor, instead of mak-  
ing it. And cuisine moncer was safely  
launched in its place in history.

Now, in special on both sides of the At-  
lantic dip liberally into the published re-  
cords of Grainer's rare-cuisine sauces and  
lard their menu with his trademark  
steamed seafood and crunchy greens, he  
has just finished his second cook book, due  
on the market at Christmas, which will re-  
veal his ingenious ways with the colors  
and his three-star gourmet master.  
Breaking with the hallowed house cuisine  
recipe of beef and chicken stocks made  
from the bone up, he dares to suggest that  
the glaze of classic French cooking can be  
disputed by the cream bouillon cube. It  
is certain to cause yet another upsurge in  
the professional kitchens of the world, not  
least of all those in a quarter that barely  
remains here. But the most loyal comrade  
Paul Brown has lately taken to talking up  
meat in public and the band of en-  
vieser chefs, once so intrepid in the  
face of adversity, is now met with dis-  
missal in first and foremost with in, leav-  
ing a bitter aftertaste of some grapes in the  
air.

Still, as Grainer himself says, "Cuisine  
moncer was never meant to replace grand  
cuisine. It's something you do for a week  
once or twice a year to keep yourself in  
shape." It, for sure, have never been better  
now. At the end of a week, having lost  
eight pounds and feeling decidedly  
sleek, virtue has been overcome by a can-  
non national proximity. I bottle Grainer's  
gourmet menu for the price of one last  
supper. Before the weekend, James Black  
has just retired in and is pondering the  
same profundities. He says he will try one  
more moncer sauce, in fact any day now.  
But first there are four gas and water bed-  
ding, pretty cooking real butter and steams  
swirl at us real steam. "Happy eaters,"  
he calls out.



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## One of the best references you can have



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# East of Eden

If Quebec goes, will the East suffer even more? Yes

By Ralph Surette

It was the biggest bash in the east and the best was in high spirits. The Maritime premiers and New England governors had gathered once again—this time amid the ornate chandeliers of the Pines hotel resort in Digby, Nova Scotia—to talk about their common vision, complain about their lack of clout with their respective federal governments and bask in the sun.

The emphasis was on basking in the sun, but nevertheless the meeting provided the occasion for the first cliffhanger that had blown eastward following the Parti-Quebecois victory in Quebec: if Quebec separates, do the Atlantic provinces join the United States—land of plenty to the north—which it was dubbed, every Maritime surely yearned for if only the chances of this Confederation were faded?

The host, Premier Gerald Regan, with out losing his joviality, managed to respond with ambiguity and finality. "No, I don't see anybody at all in favour of it, not even a minority—not in Nova Scotia, anyway. Not even someone far out. If there's someone in favour of it where are they? Why aren't someone—even some crack-

pot—writing to the newspapers? I just don't see it." And, like a fellow who has just scored a point and is inside to score another, he added: "I hate to say it as the present company, but any policies the United States has in connection to regional development is totally out there."

Definitely a good day for the host. But a few months before the question would not so easily have been put down. The first reaction in the Atlantic area in response to the Parti-Quebecois victory was taken by 18 anonymous businessmen in Saint John who commissioned a study on the feasibility of New Brunswick joining the United States should Quebec separate. Because the group was linked to the local John Board of Trade, the name was winding its way into the agenda of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce annual meeting and it seemed for a moment as if the club of Great Canadian Hypotheticals Atlantic Provinces Division would be the straw that broke the camel's back.

**Manuelheide Governor Dubois with Campbell and Hildner at Digby: the reaction, of course, hinges on the action**

those of Canada should Quebec separate. Yet the very jokes about "being up behind Puerto Rico" had inspired and thoughtful people had evoked the differences at least and traditions between the Atlantic provinces and the United States so close that the Chamber of Commerce had brushed the thought aside and passed a "reinsurance resolution" instead, a clarification to the cause of Confederation.

And then it was July and the study on joining the United States had reached the stage of initial conclusions, although the businessmen were still anonymous and the study itself was not released. Gary Davis, a member of Maine Management, the Saint John consulting firm that did the study, said his conclusions were that if Quebec separates, if New Brunswick splits up into French and English halves and if other city conditions are favorable—and, one is inclined to add, if the money is full—the English part of New Brunswick (which, oddly enough is always interpreting the "French" language) would join the United States. Money being tight, he had not done any opinion surveys, but his personal thought was that among the common folk, "locally



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no one gives a damn." The opinion is that among the first victims of the First Gulf, victory, we find the myth that Martinians are itching to throw in their lot with the United States. The same place in the map that raises the question "What happens to the Atlantic provinces if Quebec secedes?" also reveals that only three provinces in Canada do not touch physically on the United States. All are Atlantic provinces. These old provinces by the sea have a firm sense of place. Loyalty to the British Red Sox never threatened; the "crisis" on the Atlantic shore is not one of identity.

But the question remains: what would happen to the Atlantic provinces if Canada splits? What future for the clanking of four half-forgotten footnotes to Canadian history—having political clout with every census, getting shakedown with every economic conference—should the final alienation of a physical coast count? The same question answer: send a box of conflicting opinions—often emanating side by side with the same mind—a "disaster." Its simplest form is means that English Canada would lose the will to continue with transfer payments and subsidies. This already poor Atlantic region would slip economically—sinking way to Third World status—and probably undergo another round of Depression-style depopulation.

With the "American option" shared



Reggie, Ottawa's dad, and Washington's?

under the hard division of views now falls between those who think the nation—by choice or necessity—would have to separate too and those who think there is no question but that it would stick with the rest of English Canada. But regardless of

which view is taken, the word "disaster" still rings up. Harvey Wehr, a history professor and president of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce notes: "It would be such a disaster that it would be beyond the comprehension of any living being. If we could not attack purely in transportation and wage scales in Canada how could we attain it alone? It would be impossible to work over that land mass in the middle. No customs union or arrangements could be made with security, no matter what the intentions of the present Quebec government." And the other view by Premier Regan: "Separation by Quebec would be a catastrophic disaster for the Maritime provinces. Canada would survive but it would never be the same as Canada we've known."

Then there are those like Premier Rich and Haskell of New Brunswick, the man you see in anyplace on national television the night of the royal victory, who have not even seemed sure to the strong about it. "Which would you rather lose, the right or the left side of your heart?" he snapped in answer to the question. An old hand, an emotional Maritimer, Rich despite its fond religious, "disaster" is not an answer that speaks for itself. It is full of profane analogies, old grudges, even a kind of grim optimism for some who see "disaster"—or something near it—as the only thing that will shock the Atlantic provinces out of their welfare syndrome and force them to

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live by their own devices once and for all. Here, in other words, are all the self-interests reserved for those who exist on the margins of wider forces. "How long are we to have the play of Mandel with Mandel himself named?" asked Joseph Howe, the Nova Scotia anti-confederate leader, in 1866 in his "poor Nova Scotia" registered in the crutch of these wider forces, unable to make up its mind between loyalty and revolt as a friend (Brisson) and a foe (Cartier) compared together in being a tale Confederation against its will. Being a cynic, Howe would likely not have been surprised at the certain cost for the impetuous act on November 15, 1870, to find Nova Scotia, along with its sister provinces, still waiting and dealing with more battles than a cross-eyed octopus, aware only in the knowledge that the great decisions affecting its future will be taken elsewhere.

For starters, in the eyes of Atlantic Canada there is but one crisis over Confederation but two: the threat of Quebec independence and economic disparity. The cultural problem of how Quebec will fit into Canada and the economic problem of how the Atlantic region will fit into Canada. The second crisis is the deepening dependency of the Maritimes and Newfoundland on transfer payments from Ottawa at a time when the federal capacity to continue transfers is under attack, as actual transfers are primarily by Quebec but by the "have" provinces also want to keep more of their riches for themselves. The two crises become one when "disenfranchisement" and "power to the provinces" are held out as the solution to the demands of both Quebec and the "haves." "That's right on," says political scientist Murray Dick at Dalhousie University. "The Liberals, Conservatives—all have come out for decentralization. The kind of decentralization, Trudeau's offering about is frightening." Marty Jolien, vice-president of the leader of the Nova Scotia vote says, "Quebec wants political separation with economic union. Alberta wants economic independence with political union. Alberta's more dangerous to us than Quebec. They can kill us."

As for the future of Quebec separation in isolation, "It is Quebec, Ontario comes basically," says David Alexander, a historian at Memorial University in St. John's. "It's the question of how Ontario and Quebec are going to live together that goes as far back as the Act of Union of 1841." Although not all agree—Beck for example says that even the "small voice" of the Atlantic area is "worth something" in the national story debate—the feeling that Quebec is "Quebec's problem" is pervasive and probably explains why coastal Canadian media and other observers have found themselves in their clutches, a low level of concern on the East Coast over Quebec's threat to Confederation.

June 21, and Nova Scotia Finance Minister Peter Nicholson was delivering the re-



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ovable Rotary Club speech. He started with what sounded like an anti-Ontario diatribe, complaining about "wasting the federal cocaine" and "getting blood out of Ontario and other slaves." Except that he finished by saying that "the authority of the federal government needs strengthening rather than diluting." What's that? Pulling up the cocaine that can you? An other Maritime mind-bender? Misdirection among the letters, just? Indeed, the diatribe. Despite the lack of cocaine a hour Canada looking up, no one needs Confederation more than the Atlantic provinces. Of the province's \$1.25 billion of estimated revenues and recoveries for the

current fiscal year, \$773 million comes from federal sources. In other words, 46%. Nicholson told his audience he might have added that the story is roughly the same in the other three provinces. The matter of calculating who gets what from Confederation is known to have as much as that a balance sheet terms, if anyone guess, it has to be the Atlantic provinces. The total federal transfer to the area in the current fiscal year is likely to reach more than \$2.5 billion (over \$900 million in equalization, \$500 million more in tax payments, about \$200 million in transportation subsidies, \$100 million more in health spending plus payments from other

federal departments, such as fisheries subsidies, energy grants, etc.) or double what it was only four years ago.

The thought of losing this largesse is what the word "disaster" means. To many, it's thought that arises in only from one change in the Fiscal Arrangements Act (whereby Ottawa gave more tax cuts to the provinces in exchange for cutbacks in cost-sharing in medicine, hospital insurance and post-secondary education, thus lowering the net transfer in the long run) or from federal cutbacks in transportation subsidies as from Quebec's situation. Then there's the "crocodile" part, which means that virtually nothing exists in the Atlantic area without federal money without a fight with allegedly insipidulent Ottawa bureaucrats. Or in Premier Regan has put it, "If you oppose them on one thing today they'll get you on five more things tomorrow." This is the mechanism of dependency, a commitment made worse by the historical awareness of having gone from prosperity to poverty in 100 years. Blamed for this in large part are centralist federal economic policies starting with the national policy of protective tariffs in the 19th century—a centralist bias in economic thinking which many feel is poorly compensated for by equalization payments since the Atlantic area is not getting any less disaster.

It is a sentiment—the residue of post-Confederation separation in Nova Scotia, the anti-Confederation fight in New Brunswick and riot—which leads some to see more virtue in Quebec separation than in Ontario secession. In its name books, *Confederation and The Maritimes*, Paul MacEwan, rather than Nova Scotia's book, borrows René Lévesque's "white Rhinelanders of Western" phrase and applies it to the "white Rhinelanders of the Atlantic." For him the Quebec referendum on independence—although not independence itself—is desirable because it will "shake in their very foundations the strong and arrogant assumptions on which the 'Commonwealth' is based." For him equalization payments is no way compensate for centralist policies that would keep the prosperity of the past and keep the Atlantic area in a situation of buying high-priced goods from the "Ontario company store."

MacEwan has occasionally been accused of excessive views, but he's Premier Alex Campbell giving cultural expression to the same feeling. Like Quebecers, he said in a speech in Toronto in the spring, "we are aware of paralyzing statistics about how quiet we are in the Maritimes and that it is too bad we have failed to adopt the industrial values of other Canadians. We too, although for vastly different reasons, know how it feels to have less virtue than the majority."

Love-hate toward Ontario aside, the question remains: what happens to the At-

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lance area if Quebec goes? For MacDew, "there is no doubt that very soon after Quebec independence, we in the Maritimes would have to follow suit, whether enthusiastically or reluctantly. If Ottawa has shown a little just far as to date, one can imagine what our imperiled and colonial status would be were we geographically separated from Upper Canada by another country."

Thus the debate goes—except that it is not really a debate, but the outcome of one that would presumably be one of cynical importance if Quebec did separate. As of now they are simply reacting to what is not even taking place elsewhere. Nobody's actually seceding. And there are other moves afoot. James McNiven, executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, just forth what he calls the "Fourth option" (after joining the United States, staying with Canada, and going it alone) as "accommodation with Quebec." "Whether Quebec goes or not we're going to have to deal with it," he says. "These guys in Ottawa who want to build a Berlin Wall on the Ottawa River—I wish they'd remember we're behind that wall too."

Since the St. Lawrence freezes over every winter, Quebec "will need the Maritime ports for an Atlantic economy and will have to make deals with this part of the country." He expects that "when things die down in a couple of years, no one will be coming around saying 'Look, here are



Brodeur taking the Maritime man of the St. Andrew's premiere conference the architect "unintentional disaster?"

things that are in your interest." He also expects more bickering in the Maritimes, whether or not Quebec goes, because of three things. "Look, the rest of the country is bigger and can afford to be kinder. We can't." He expects that "no matter what happens, we're going to have to go a little bit more." So does J.

K. Bell, secretary-treasurer of the Nova Scotia Federation of Labor, who expects in addition that traditional trade ties will be severed with the West Indies. These are "anger for our own sake," he says. "Except that the federal government is afraid to open the door to new-wave immigration." Premier Frank McKenna has suggested that Newfoundland might join up with "New way" as a "preparation for anyone who happens to be around to make a deal." That anyone might be, McNiven says, Quebec.

Two Premier Moors, recently declared himself "surprisingly impressed" after economic talks with Premier Lévesque—talks that took place despite strains between the two provinces over Lebedev and the corridor over Churchill Falls electricity.

All these opponents carry with them—apart from the belief that things are going to get tougher—another near-universal assumption: that most of the changes that they've brought about as a result of Quebec separation will likely occur, in moderated form, whether or not Quebec separates. So one answer to "what happens to the Atlantic provinces if Quebec separates?" becomes "the same as if it doesn't separate, only worse."

The likelihood is of weakened equalization and increased Atlantic area hardship and of interprovincial deals with a semi-nationalist flavor. "Some things happening in Quebec have ramifications here already," says McNiven. "It's a lot of shadows and no-one wants to talk about it." He mentions the crowd at the Canada Populists as a source of borrowing for small Nova Scotia entrepreneurs. But the usual wheel that has been set in motion—and that no firm had started to build upon before the Quebec election—is the one that moves toward some kind of partial or total union of the Atlantic provinces. Quebec separation would quickly force closer cooperation among the four provinces, says Premier Moors, as well economic considerations would overcome geography, provincial differences and traditional bickering. And, says Bell, "economically we've been moving toward some kind of unity for some time."

Last winter the three Maritime provinces formed a joint cooperation to plan and pool wind energy resources. There has been a common signing of an offshore resources pact with the federal government (although Newfoundland is holding out for a better deal), there have been moves in consultation on fisheries policy and other matters. Although the link with Quebec separation is not entirely obvious, the fact that all these things have happened in a rush after a century of non-cooperation indicates that the shock up at Confederation is the cause. To the extent that these moves toward greater cooperation indicate eventual unity of at least the Maritime provinces if not the Atlantic provinces, a whole new bag of old battles is thereby reopened, battles which would likely intensify if Quebec separates.

Premier Moors' fellow Newfoundlanders, trade minister Richard Coates, the Atlantic provinces' representative on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's task force on national unity, points out that in a number of the Atlantic provinces there is no such resentment toward Halifax as a center of influence as there is toward Toronto nationally—and Halifax would likely be the capital of a unified Atlantic provinces once it's the largest city.

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Intervention Medicine is based on an early warning system. Through regular physical examinations, Dofasco's Medical Department updates the medical history they keep for each employee. This helps pinpoint early changes in blood pressure, electrocardiograms, chest X-rays, smoking habits, weight, etc.

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Even someone who already has a well advanced health

problem can be helped by Dofasco's early warning system.

Dofasco's Medical Director gives an example. "We had a series of six coronaries where we spotted ahead of time that something was going to happen. We hospitalized these people under the care of their own physicians, and they all had a coronary thrombosis in hospital."

"Fortunately, they all survived. But without early detection, they may not have."

Dofasco's technique for spotting heart or other health problems in advance is not perfect. Nor is it a cure-all. But the dramatic example we've described does underscore the innovative quality of Dofasco's health care ideas.

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For the Acadia's of New Brunswick, too, any Maritime or Atlantic union is anathema, since it would mean becoming a smaller French-speaking minority in a wider political grouping. *La Société Nationale* (which has put out its own report) the summer denouncing the idea Maritime union (which existed briefly between 1763 and 1799 when the whole territory was called Nova Scotia) was adopted seriously in 1984. That's why the Charlottetown Conference was called. Instead it led to Confederation. There has been a report of continuous recommendations to every politician since. The latest was in 1970. It was rejected by the provinces, although the Council of Maritime Premiers was formed as a result of the report to deal with some matters in common. Now says Premier Regan, the most adamant opponent of Maritime union, "I don't see Maritime union as bringing any economic benefits to Nova Scotia communities with going up in solidarity as a province." Yet if economic forces dictate union as a result of Quebec separation, local identities and economies will be unaffected and the fight will be on.

When this question of union has a strong proponent is that of forming economic contingency plans in case Quebec secedes. No such plans are being formulated. For Premier Regan, "I don't fully understand what contingency plans you can undertake. I don't see that our trade patterns would be substantially altered by the separation of Quebec... our dependency and expectations is that we would continue to be part of Canada." For others there is a feeling of urgency about planning for all the eventualities.

"Always being caught off guard, disorganized and behind the times—that's the name of the game here in the Atlantic provinces," says William Jenkins, former executive vice-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. "I live with this because we were ahead." "We need an Atlantic strategy," adds Harvey Webber. "We need to bring together representatives of everyone. We must study the future. We must look at the future of the Atlantic provinces as one political unit."

Impassioned with the slowness of governments and efforts to get concerned is the point of senior Webber's Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce has launched what it calls "Atlantic Canada Plus"—a campaign to have more local products consumed in the region. A list of regional manufacturers is being compiled and readers are being asked to mark 1% more local goods while consumers are being asked to buy as much. This would mean, according to the Chamber of Commerce, an immediate injection of \$85 million in the economy of the region, which is heavily dependent on outside goods. For Webber, moves toward self-sufficiency are the key to survival after Quebec goes, if it does go—and perhaps even survival if it stays.

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# Mommas' boy

Hark, the Simard angel sings By James Quigg

Rene Simard is just 16 years old, but like all smart little millionaires he's learned when to talk and when to listen. Right now he's listening very intently to his manager/romantic me I'm in the presence of a veritable "monneur de showbiz."

"One like that comes along every 30 years—if you're lucky," says Guy Cloutier, looking thoughtful and full of love at the monster in question. "I'm talking about a Simard, a Cloutier"—he has his voice in deep respect—"even an Elvis" (who at the time was still alive in Memphis).

"I hope the act's embarrassing you," I say to the boy singer who is sitting there in a leather dressing gown and \$7.99 sneakers.

"Strictly business," he smiles. "Would you like another Lanacride?"

But Cloutier is just winning up—he remembers René's first full-out concert at Montreal's Place des Arts when the boy was only nine. "I'm with him," said the manager to the guard at the artist's entrance pointing at his 12-pound prodigy. He tells me about the night the boy drew 200,000 people to Mount Royal, the 30,000 at Place des Nations, the crush hit at the Olympia in Paris, the riot in Montreal where the crowds were so big and eager tens of thousands couldn't get in.

"That was scary," René admits, remembering. Sorry but terrific too, money-on-the-bank with Frank Sinatra in English Canada. Simard was the little boy singing in the pecking race to 70,000 people in a Parliament Hill July 1 dovepeace Cloutier chills up the 1940s—three of them in phoenix Japanese, none of them in English. 11 of them sold which in Canada means more than 100,000 records sold.

But mostly Guy Cloutier tells me about that night in June of 1974 when René, competing against the stress of 45 countries, sang "Mama, I'm No One" (No Mama Don't Cry) and won the Grand Prix at the International Tokyo Music Festival. That was terrific of course, but the award Cloutier really wanted that night was second prize, the Frank Sinatra Trophy for best vocalist, to be presented by old-time eyes himself.

"Win it for me kid," manager told me who, to tell you the truth had never heard of Frank Sinatra until then. But he won it anyway. The picture of him receiving the prize from Frank flashed around the world. He says money-in-the-bank was "What too much." After that it was easy—now Guy Cloutier could say "I'm with him" and open doors around the world. Merv Griffin called and Mike Douglas, too. And now, of course, a half-hour cas-

saturny series, premiering September 27. There was the Bob Hope special, René's own Super-kid show and giant appearance pilots back home in Quebec. Not only that but L'Espresso, Master Showmanship himself, was on the line saying the kid was ready for Vegas.

"You like the States?" I asked. "There's only one Vegas," says René Simard. "Once you've worked there." He doesn't even bother finishing the sentence: Vegas in Vegas. René Simard has been to the top of his mountain. "How much money will he make this year?" "Between six and seven hundred thousand," says Cloutier.

I tell that around in my head a little they'd come a long way from Chacottan.

Tokyo, Paris, Las Vegas and now—St. Michel de Bonaventure, down near Quebec City rolling hills, 100,000 and counting on the banks of the meandering Chaudière. At night it's black as a hot summer Sunday, evening chimes in and the bar-salon not emptying as all roads lead to the Centre Sportif and "the petit Simard" back home on a 35-year tour for the folks from Papan Road, Guy and I have been sitting in the star's trailer which is parked

Simard singing, party and loveplaying with Cloutier look up your daughters?



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near the ice-clearing tractor. "Where do speakers—those ones—are just as hard away but Guy is still sitting."

"At first we went for the mothers," he's saying. "At nine years old what else could we do? Rent was the little boy they used to have. Or the one they couldn't have. Or even the one they had lost." You couldn't live in Quebec and not remember it. It's Rent in virtual white short pants singing *Maria Cherie*. Some *Les Amis* had his all-time monster, the most popular *Les Amis*. Not a dry eye in the province, especially as Guy Cloutier was saying, if your own little angel happened to have been isolated by a truck.

But he couldn't go on singing more songs forever. He wasn't ready for *Love for Sale* or *The Lady Is A Tramp* yet but he definitely was growing up. What was needed, says Guy, was "an *enfant de l'air*."

"Claudine doesn't put his pants on anymore," he means. "Or takes them off." (Claudine Rivest, Guy's assistant, is Rent's constant companion and guardian. She says she had "an *hon-fucking*" about his potential from the very start.)

"Now we want the daughters to fall in love with him," says the manager. "But we don't want to lose him. And when dad finds out his daughter loves Rent, he'll want to buy her his records." "You're rare this one," enthusiastically says. "Not a bit," says Rent himself, turning the engine on to get the air conditioner going.

"He never complains," says Guy. "The great ones never do. That's what makes the reputation. They don't mind the work. I try to do it, he does it. He once made an album called *Un Enfant Comme Les Autres* (A Child Like Any Other), it sold over 100,000. But don't believe it. The great ones are great because they aren't like anyone else. We took a month off when he was 12 but he was on the phone within a week—couldn't wait to get back to work."

"You seem to have built quite a partnership," I say.

"I love and breathe Rent himself," says Guy Cloutier. "When the Colosseum found Ellen it was for life."

"That's true," says the singer.

The way they meet is better than any prize again has the right to suggest. At night some little Rent, the sixth of seven children of Jean-Roch, a lumber camp cook, and Gabrielle, himself, had moved from Châteauguay to the Ile d'Orléans. In 1969 he went to nearby Quebec City to compete in a TV amateur show. He won. In the audience was Madame Gertrude Cloutier. Her son Guy had also left Châteauguay and was making a name for himself as the shrewd entrepreneurial owner of Montreal. Gertrude thought Rent was like her angel and a few days later we find her calling on Gabrielle and Jean-Roch himself on the Ile d'Orléans.

"Your son, he sings like an angel," she said. "Yes, they already knew. And I'd like

him to sing at my son's wedding."

July 17, 1971 and the bells are ringing for Guy and his girl—the former Gertrude Rivest. The wedding service is just lovely but it gets much, much better when marriage surprise—like Rent lets *Les Amis* up on the balcony. A boy who sang like an angel. Guy Cloutier would never be the same again—either would Rent himself because Guy came calling right after the honeymoon. They'd make an album together. It sold 162,000 copies. The rest is legend.

The manager has left to check out the sound system. Claudine is fussing with the

star's stage clothes. "What's like to be needed for your second wedding, at 100 years?" I asked Rent himself. He says it's less of fun. "Today it buys me my mistakes, my socks, my boys, but someday it will buy me a car." But that—with a candle in his eye—he changes that to "cars"—heavy on the plural.

"But really, the things I like—water-skiing in the Bahamas, the region and Disneyland—will never cost anything."

"You're the first Quebecer to ever play Las Vegas. That must have been satisfying." He said it was less of fun. "Mr. Lescroart was like a grandfather to me—always trying to help."

**Splendour in the glass.**  
Boodles. The Great gin from Great Britain.

Tuesday's like Las Vegas Hilton but just two years ago Raul Sanz says he couldn't speak a word of English. But Gary fixed that too by sending him to Berlitz—in Beverly Hills.

"It took me three months to learn English," he says. "But I lost learning things I'd lose in really learn Japanese—that would take two years. I study dancing on Hollywood and I took me one and a half years to learn the language. Now I want to learn the piano. I don't know how long that will take. But everything is easy for me." But not so easy as it was when he was nine years old. "At nine everything I said was true. But not everything is true at 14 or 16."

had to learn how to talk."

Then there was the delicate question of his voice change. Sooner or later the lute said was going to start growing hair on his chest. Could his soprano survive if could become a baritone? Could Quebec survive if that they were ready. He had set aside some records in the event that the voice cracked under the pressure of adulthood. He'd also hired Debbie Reynolds' and Ann-Margret's Hollywood voice coach to teach Raul how to take his voice against the looming storm. But the time would for aught.

"I was working Vegas when it happened," says the singer. "Nobody ever

knew the difference when my voice changed. I lost five tones off the top—so what?" Now he can be blunt about it.

"It's like very demanding," I say, peering out at the reporter and I'm even waiting for him to get up. "He is still had a paper nose. The more you give the more people want," he says. "But that's the way I like it. I'm doing what I was meant to do. And remember, I've been doing it since I was nine." "You mean you're a pro?" "Yes I am."

I ask him if there have been any big disappointments along the way. "Just one—some of the Quebec stars, people I really respect... some of them haven't been very friendly to me. A little jealous." He nods his nose in the air to make the point. He may be hot stuff in Las Vegas but maybe not Québécois to the pitman back home.

"I don't know why they feel that way," he says, obviously hurt and confused. "I always say, I'm from Quebec, Canada—no matter where I go."

Closer to back with the news that artists weren't made for singing. "In Vegas the engineers were right in the clubs controlling the sound as if it were a recording. And we could be there right now if it weren't for our new cast. English is almost done coming up in the fall. But nothing is more important than that—no more Vegas. English Canada is going to be very important for Raul. His first English album will sell 200,000 copies in English Canada."

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For a Québecois? The word boggles and if you don't mind we'll pause here to serve what he says. Serve because that is the line here. I've heard such a thing. Québec, you see, has been shaped by its artists. Just some of stardom that now burns so bright in the Québecois spirit was nurtured more by singers and writers than it was by René Lévesque. And none of those singers and writers ever gave a damn about Canada. Tereza was for Garden Lightfoot. Blum-Baum could have been the reason. Their lack of interest was total, complete. They wouldn't afford us as they attempted to define themselves. And they did their jobs well, the Linders, the Vegasians, the Javins, Charleses and Donabergs—as well, that the Chocorais conception of Clonier and Senard today feel not only the creative but

the need to locate you and me too. In the long, live Canada department that's the last news I've heard in ages.

He has all the Italy Las Vegas moves. The Hollywood coughing is pretty good, let's face it, you don't work with Mr. Laker and not pick up some points. Most of the same he sings in a nice—overday he may even be very good. Some of the his Maria mothers turned to miss the short pasta and the Maria but he didn't seem as all concerned because their daughter were something like every-right in target. Only two passed out, but in a town this small who could ask for anything more? ☺

Strand in his little airport days with Sandra in Tokyo's winning AAA for Guy



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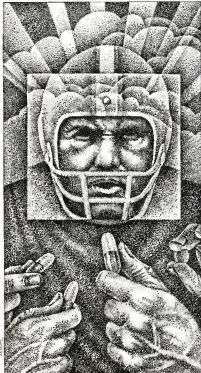


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# Breakfast of Champions

Chemical warfare on the track, field, ice et al

By Andre McNicoll



The chemical manipulation of both animals and humans for the purpose of improving their performance has a long, and largely dishonorable, history. One evident of the value it claims that performance-enhancing substances (ergogenics) were first used by the legendary "Barbarian" who, according to Nordic mythology, sustained his lightning strength by feeding on raw animal entrails, a type of psychotropic mushroom. With a similar objective in mind, ancient Greeks ate arsenic seeds for greater endurance during foot races. The Romans gave hydnorin, a mixture of water and honey, to horses in cart races.

We have come a long way since the "Barbarian," arsenic seeds and hydnorin! Today, coaches and trainers in both amateur and professional sports offer athletes an astounding variety of sophisticated chemicals manufactured by the most reputable pharmaceutical firms. Most of these are "speed" drugs—amphetamine—that make fatigue and produce a euphoric feeling by speeding up cardiovascular activity. Unfortunately, they are dangerous to health and can give rise to anxiety and violent behavior.

Cycling, of all the summer sports, has a particularly appalling history of drug misuse. In 1966, at the Rome Olympics, Dutch cyclist Kees de Vries, following a brutal 190-kilometer road race held on a very hot day, felt exhausted and subsequently died. It was later discovered that de Vries had taken an amount of alcohol by ingestion during the race, which was not allowed. In 1967, British cyclist Tom Simpson, who had long and loyally defended drugs, died in a shocking way. He was heavily drugged with amphetamines. On October 24, 1968, in Grenoble, France, Jens Lorentz Quattrone, 18, a soccer player, collapsed on the field and was died on arrival at hospital. An autopsy revealed a high level of amphetamines in his bloodstream. On November 1, 1968, also in Grenoble, 25-year-old cyclist Tino Molteni was the surprise winner of a regional cross-country bicycle race. Two days later he died; amphetamines were a contributing factor. There have been other scandals in cycling. In the late Sixties, Jacques Anquetin forfeited two major victories—including a world speed record—rather than submit to a urine test. In Italy, at that time, drug use by cyclists was estimated at 100%. Sometimes, of course, drugging is used to weaken the opponent. In 1955 Harold Johnston knocked out in the early rounds of a fight, claimed he had been doped by a poisoned orange. Barbarians were found in the boxer's

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Mont and some Olympic athletes are told never to drink at all, anything offered by a competitor prior to an event.

In a sport where the use of speed is a much more decisive item than "teamwork" has not been well documented, as much as in our business. In March 1979, following a long investigation, Francois Beliveau, a sports writer for *Le Press*, wrote a series of articles detailing speed used by half the players of the Laval Nationals, a Montreal junior hockey team. A molasses stain at best during most of the 1973-74 season, the Nationals suddenly started terrorizing their opponents and made it into the playoffs. Only the pos-

sible foundation did not set it to pass any resolutions on the matter and the early federal government officials in attendance seemed equally oblivious to the significance of Beliveau's presentation.

Football, more than hockey, has been the subject of persistent accusations and stories about rampant drug use by players. Joe Vitale, a former lineman with the Ottawa Rough Riders and the Toronto Argonauts, has used both teams for allegedly supplying him with "enrichment" injections of amphetamines. Vitale claims to have refused several headliners from a recent Robert McEwen, a former offensive center with the Ottawa Rough

Riders, wrote in the fall 1974 issue of *Addiction*, the quarterly publication of the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation that some 25% of all CFL ballplayers make use of amphetamines prior to games.

It is sometimes said that only second-rate players resort to the use of stimulants, but that does not appear to be true. Ronan Rodge was a top player for the San Diego Chargers—until he fled suit against them for \$1.25 million for the "administration of dangerous drugs." Ken Gray was another established player with the St. Louis Cardinals—who he fled a \$3.5 million suit against them, the team physician



Vitale did football try to force him into a speed freak? The courts will decide

eriel Quebec Ramparts managed to meet the violent intimidations of the National players—a style of play so intense that other sports writers had commented on it a few months before Beliveau obtained written statements from many players that at least half the team members had taken speed-type drugs at the suggestion of their anonymous coach, Charles LaBouchere. The players also stated the drugs had been openly supplied by the team doctor, Gilles Papan, Lavalaisse extensively detailed having given his players amphetamines, claiming all he had provided was a "kind of a vitamin to make them stronger." Nonetheless, the violence-fueled coach was suspended for life—only to be rewarded a little later with an unexpected sponsorship job at the Montreal Olympic Stadium.

The case of the Laval Nationals was not an isolated one. According to some of Beliveau's sources, the use of speed by junior hockey players is far more widespread than among the higher caliber ones. The story of the Laval Nationals was picked up by Beliveau at a special seminar on drugs in sports at the 1975 annual conference of the Canadian Foundation for Alcohol and Drug Dependence, held in Quebec City.



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and the most intense, for causing him to take "poison, harmful, illegal and dangerous drugs... so that he would perform more violently." Baskinball, baseball and virtually all other manner of organized sports have seen recent accusations of drug abuse in their midst.

The use of speed type drugs by athletes is condoned by both the American and Canadian Medical Association. Quasi-simply because they are dangerous to health, they are addictive, and, best, their effect on performance is obvious. A study by two Harvard physicians, Brucher and Smith, in 1958, had reported improvement in performance by runners, swimmers and also persons who had taken amphetamines experimentally. The immediate outcome, probably, was the widening out of stimulation by bursts of action. Fortunately, more recent investigations using better controls on measurements and timing have failed to show any improvement.

The International Olympic Committee and every amateur sports association have drawn up rules controlling doping. These specify all the chemicals prohibited, the tests that will be employed to detect usage, and the penalties that are provided for violation of the rules. In the case of the Canadian Cycling Association, the penalties range from a three-month suspension for a first offense to a life-suspension for a third offense. There is general agreement that these rigidly enforced rules have worked well.

Anabolic steroids, synthetic male hormones used to help the chemically ill and the elderly build body tissue, are now exceedingly popular among all athletes, especially those engaged in sports requiring strength and size. At the Montreal Olympic Games, eight weight lifters were disqualified when testing revealed they had used anabolic steroids. These were Khramov and Blagov (Bulgaria), Kozminski (Poland), Northington (Canada), Gushchik and Cernescu (U.S.A.), Pradlock (Czechoslovakia) and Corason (Romania). They all expressed amazement that their obviously harmless "steroids" should be banned.

The pioneer in the use of these appetite drugs in U.S. sports was Dr. John Ziegler, a physician who treated U.S. Olympic athletes. In 1960, after learning that the Russians were using hormones to bulk up, he cooperated with Ciba, the giant Swiss pharmaceutical company, and began producing a new product. Ziegler's deeply ingrained bias against the lifers immediately started eating the pill like candy and developed worrisome side effects, such as increased blood.

As in the case of amphetamines, football players soon became—again under management guidance—enthusiastic consumers of anabolic steroids. Paul Lowe, a former all-pro running back with the San Diego Chargers, testified to a California State Legislative Committee on Drug



**Simpson, shortly before his amphetamine-induced death in a 1967 race, spent his**

After in 1970 "We had to take [anabolic steroids] at least one. He [like me] would put them on a little sooner and prescribed for us to take them and if not he would suggest they might be a fix." Ed Gilbert, in *Sports Illustrated*, reports that there has been clandestine use of anabolic steroids on high school athletes. There have been at least two separate reports on increasing drug abuse among U.S. high school athletes and one coach in Ohio was fired for giving his players amphetamines. Some of these athletes were 14 and 15.

In a well-documented study in 1965 at the University of California, the use of anabolic steroids was found to be associated to say increased strength, minor performance or physical work capacity. The potential side effects of these powerful drugs are

in common, particularly among young athletes, but are especially true for "violent homosexuals." Foremost among all the growing centers of the long term, secular atrophy, liver damage and impotence are some side effects.

It is very difficult to say just how prevalent drug abuse is among athletes. U.S. reports say that 10% of both male and female high school athletes resort to the use of stimulants. The use of anabolic steroids may be higher in view of its increased acceptance by professional players. Among college and professional sports competitors there are no reliable figures, only the estimates of the athletes themselves, such as those of Jim Brown in his book, *Ball Four*, who said that 40% of major league ball players used "benzene" (amphetamine) and "poppers" (an opposing mixture of amphetamines and barbiturates). Other pro athletes have detailed their heavy reliance on drugs but only after their highly rewarding careers were behind them.

A research paper by a student at UCLA, who personally interviewed practically every varsity football player there, found that half the team members had or were using anabolic steroids, and 20% had or were using anabolic steroids. Among weight lifters, shot-putters and others desiring of great muscular strength, anabolic steroids may be used by 10% of them. The matter of drug use by athletes is simply common knowledge.

In Canada, unfortunately, there are no official figures. The Non-Medical Use of Drugs Division, the drug arm of the federal government's Department of Health and Welfare, has no idea whatsoever. One of the hundreds of reports they find each year, and one has even cost money to deal with the use and misuse of drugs by Canadian athletes. The net effect of the situation is how come up with was to prepare, on request, a booklet on drugs for the Canadian Football League. The booklet, subsequently dismissed as "useful" by the league's own staff, was distributed to all players at the beginning of the 1973 season. Apparently, it has never been distributed, and since there is almost a 50% turnover of personnel each season, not too many players currently in the CFL have been warned, however ineffectively, about drug abuse.

Quite apart from the known and serious injuries to health likely to be suffered by athletes through their abuse of drugs, are the ethical and moral issues. When Bobby Baum, playing with the Leafs, scored the winning goal in a crucial game against Detroit, how many wildly cheering fans paused to consider the implications of the fact that their hero had been using a mixture of amphetamines to build the extraordinary pain of playing with a broken leg.

The fugitive reverse of pain killing drugs is another worrisome aspect of drug abuse in athletics. It is a daily, routine occurrence in the violently competitive world of pro sports. The concern shown by

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for public, government, and sports officials, is a declining science.

For those who have to work with young adults—read, don't an increasing number of them are drug-oriented either—the use of drugs by athletes is particularly distressing. It has long been recognized that sports is one of the most effective alterna-

Johnson fights against Jimmy Wade in 1952, beaten in '53 by a doped athlete

tives to addiction by drugs. The alternative is looking right at it and it is alarming. While parents' organizations have shown little resistance to the introduction of drugs in their midst, they have shown an heroic

spirit to do nothing about it. Professional baseball bowyer has strongly declined against drug use, not so much to protect the players as to reduce the fascination for drugs among the young—according to a remarkably enlightened statement by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Some baseball heroes, such as Elton Howard and Ralph Houk, have endorsed the drug ban and have done much to bring more self-respect to the sport. Football and hockey are lagging behind. It is especially dispiriting for football officials to be complacent since that abuse is almost certainly greatest in that game.

The penetration of drugs in sports is too complex, too systematic to be checked by court intervention alone. For professional athletes, conspiracy breeds and since spectators are required—along with supportive legislation making them responsible—these players. In amateur sports increased vigilance is called for as well as the highest standards by government and their sponsoring bodies. Unless, of course, we are willing to allow athletes to embrace the use of drugs as a perfectly acceptable auxiliary to rigorous training and natural ability. If so, the price we will pay should come in no surprise—the further degradation of sports as our entertainment (and its value) for a mass television audience, itself so preoccupied with its own chemical happiness to care. ☐

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# The World

## The Bad Ol' Boy

Bert Lance is a wheeler-dealer. For years the man whose former resignation looms over American politics has been playing a bizarre game of high-stakes Monopoly with other people's money.

It now seems probable that President Jimmy Carter should once have picked him to be Budget Director—to have given him control of America's purse strings. One Senate aide told me, "It was just plain old Jim [Kaiser] in charge of a safe-deposit program." Which is why the "Lance of it" has thrown Carter's judgment into question. Like most of the "Georgia Mafia" Carter has brought to Washington, Lance is more a red-necked grand old boy than a southern gentleman. Bluff and bawdy, he hides a heart of stone behind his easy smile and sheep grin.

First the press and then the Congress exposed him. They showed how, over the past few years, he bought huge blocks of bank shares to shield millions of dollars through a maze of accounts allowing him self-sustaining overruns and using other shareholders' property—private places and the like—as if they were his own. Then Lance is now accused by a Capitol Hill committee of treating one bank like a "playpen." Carter knew most of this facts—indeed he heard from Lance's law firm years before appointing him to the cabinet as "the best man in America" for his job.

The big business community, well aware of "Bert's" shenanigans, chose to remain silent. For them, Lance has one great quality. He is dead against welfare spending and what the media call "handouts to the have-nots." In the politician's headquarters from Atlanta to Alaska they know that Bert had Jimmy's ear. That he had ready access that he could be relied upon to put the terms on any liberalizing program that might irritate the President. There are now allegations in Washington that Carter tried to leverage for his old friend. That he tried to buy the senior aide of the former backgrander. Now, press and public are asking, didn't anyone learn anything from Watergate?

Jimmy Carter, the Sunday school member, the Mr. Clean of politics, has been deeply hurt. American politicians put great stock in public opinion polls and he was shocked this month to find that his popularity has dropped seven points as a result of Lance. According to the Harris Survey, only 52% of Americans now think their President is doing a good job, compared with 59% in August.

The report that his rally shaker disas-



Lance and wife LaDelle politicians making hay in banking and politics

son's confidence in the feeling that if Carter did not personally know Lance, Carter would doubtless have been the first, the most judgmental critic. He would have called for a Lance resignation weeks before he was due. Instead of that he turned a blind eye to all suggestions of scandal, meeting with an old pal to the last possible minute.

Only accountants and financial wizards fully understand the intricacies of the Lance business, but everyone he began by passing control of a couple of Georgia banks. Next, he deposited large sums of money from these banks—amounts five- to six-fold larger. This was supposed to be a scheme to buy certain needed banking services. But then Lance borrowed large sums of money for himself from the very banks in which he had put the interest-free cash. That's not illegal, but it's certainly unwise. Family and friends—ranging on at least one occasion Carter—large, poorly served overdrafts. These accounts should most severely have investigated him from consideration for a cabinet position—especially in the administration of a Presi-

dent who set an paper the highest ethical standards of all time.

Throughout the affair, Lance's wife LaDelle has remained behind the scenes, pretty lady who, transported from rural Georgia to the Georgetown urban set, has thrived on attention itself, but neither she nor her husband had done anything wrong and wanted no pity. Asked at one black-tie dinner about the huge overdrafts she had from one of her husband's banks, Mrs. Lance replied, "Oh, lanes, honey, that had nothing to do with me personally. That had to do with a political overdraft."

Carter will be a long time recovering from the Lance affair. His credibility will never be quite the same. It has cost him support in Congress and could hinder his efforts to put the Panama Canal Treaty, the Energy Bill, and a tax reform bill passed

It will help, however, with new regulations to curb financial dealings. Lance has done far better than Richard Nixon did for politicians. **WILLIAM LLOYD**

## RHODESIA

### Odds against the house

It was almost certainly Ian Smith's final defiance throw of the dice. But as the final rounds of what ended Rhodesia's general election ended in early last month, the Prime Minister seemed determined to play to the fallow that overweighing—of loyal and unrepentant—electoral landslide. Based on the solid mandate he believed he needed to pursue his "normal withdrawal" with moderate black leaders (and to reject the proposals of British Foreign Secretary David Owen and American Ambassador to the UN Andrew Young to permit a no-veto minority rule in Rhodesia, Smith held the cards they were living in "custodial" Rhodesia. But in Rhodesia, observers were still hoping the young and enthusiastic rhodesians might succeed where other Western diplomats have failed. Part of their optimism is due to the specific provisions in the document that they think will appeal to Rhodesians' whims—a constitutional guarantee their rights and a billion-dollar development fund of U.S., British and South African money to safeguard their economic survival.

The Young-Young proposals, the product of months of negotiations and discussions in Africa, Washington and London, call for the establishment of a non-white transitional government under a British appointee with the mandate to

## The great black hope

It did what Prime Minister Ian Smith decided to negotiate with his country is a black majority. His likely choice of an opposite number would be 57-year-old Ndabaningi Sithole. Although the moderate Sithole would almost certainly be unacceptable to the most radical nationalists, convincing Smith's demands there is nobody else in sight. The conflictual activist in the Zulu guerrilla movement was interviewed for *Maclean's* by Kenneth P. Frazier.



**Sithole: does his career belong to him?**

majority of the people have accepted them.

**Maclean's:** Do you think the proposals will bring peace to Zimbabwe (Rhodesia)?

**Sithole:** I have no doubts about that.

**Maclean's:** What if you told the British and Americans you would like to work out an agreement with Smith on your own? He wants to exclude the British and Americans.

**Sithole:** No, I will not accept that because

we feel that the Anglo-American will always be a very effective exercise whereas the internal settlement by Mr. Smith is unrealistic. The British, who Mr. Smith wants to achieve through an internal settlement is the maintenance of a white government with a few Black faces here and there. We don't accept that. We want a genuine settlement, and a genuine settlement is one based on one-to-one, and one-to-one.

**Maclean's:** When Black majority rule comes, do you foresee any guarantees for white under the new constitution?

**Sithole:** Yes, they will have guarantees for everyone else. Our basic policy is one of non-violence and white people will be treated like everybody else, like business being. They are entitled to have their own houses as if they were independent. This is what we want by all means to attain in many of their rights as possible for the good of the country.

**Maclean's:** Do you and Smith do work on an agreement, how do you plan to get the war?

**Sithole:** I can assure you on that day that once we get a settlement based on one-to-one, the guerrilla fighters are going to be prepared to lay down their arms. They have said that to me and there is no reason to doubt them. They will have no more to contribute to fight.

profound a constitution and to conduct free elections to set up a new government. The plan also calls for a six-pointed, including a peace keeping force to maintain the arrangement of a new mixed army made up of the white-run Rhodesian army and the black nationalist Patriotic Front.

The plan evidently struck some pleasant chords with Smith, who, along with calling some of the details wrong, also announced the package contained elements he was not accepting and that it was worthy of detailed consideration. But Smith was far from impressed. A 2½-hour meeting of the three leaders included a series of heated debates between Smith and Owen, each man personifying the bitterness that has developed between the two nations since Rhodesia declared unilateral independence in 1965.

Ironically, Smith's objections to the proposals were the same as those of the Patriotic Front, whose guerrilla forces are fighting the Rhodesian army. Both Smith and the Front object to the plan to demilitarize their frontiers and create a new unified force, and they also have reservations about handing military power over to a new peace-keeping force.

Smith's overriding objection to the plan is presumably the threat calling for his resignation. And in the face of the over-whelming majority that attacked at 30 years, when parliamentarianism seems to be Rhodesian front. First, he is more likely to dig in

his heels than to resign. But the war clouds are darkening fast and Smith may find he has little choice but to go within the next year. Still, the white Rhodesian Mac is undoubtedly entrenched. As members share a warlike pride in their country and a deep grudge against Britain. Just as the British see Smith as an unrepentant racist, the Rhodesian view Britain as an upstart power who has betrayed them.



**Smith** protesting he's not skilled in shooting as in diplomacy one bit and four million

Owen, reflecting the British army's long-held belief that that offer to Rhodesia's last chance for a peaceful settlement. Indeed Owen believes that Smith's plan for total internal settlement with the moderate blacks will only result in more fighting.

A decade ago Smith said that never in 1,000 years would there be black dominion in Rhodesia. In 1975, he moved that to never in 100 years, and in 1976 he said that in two years there would be black majority rule. Even at that, he may yet be proven overly optimistic (see also Allan Fothergill's column on page 34).

## People



**Simpson gave 1970 (top) and Hockley one of the greater states ever laid**

The British people may have been deprived of knowledge of the affair between King Edward VII and Webb Simpson

while it was happening there was, in fact, a voluntary news blackout in the United Kingdom until after the abdication on December 16, 1918, but they said the rest of the world has been bombarded with it in the news as he told us following the Duke of Windsor's death. News was a series-part dramatization from Thomas Telford's *The World at War*, an Italian *Edward VII*, has been known for his role in *The Day of the Aerial*, as the King, and probably, America across *Joan Hickox*—an amazing look-in—as the woman he loved.

**Madeira Murray O'Hair**, whose court action in the early 1960s led to the banning of people in the U.S. public school system, is at a again their filing suit to have "In God We Trust" removed from American coins and bills. O'Hair is a prominent one of the most militant activists in the Western World, and has been described in "the most hated woman in the United States" proving, at least, that even Christian charity has its limits.



**O'Hair: God will get her for this**

The Liberal government may not believe in an informal election (see The Honorable Member Maclean's, September 18), but that doesn't stop **Ralph Goodie**, the 27-year-old Liberal MP from Asquith riding in Saskatchewan. He seems content to tell his constituents everything—without his most recent bulletin from Ottawa in which he outlines his activities. He appears the fellow about new benefits for local senior citizens under the New Horizons program about the establishment of a new city processing plant. About the war arranged for Northern Africa in Minister War-



**Goodie: a man to be truly proud of**

ren Almond, about all the meetings he himself attended in the riding, about being in the Black anniversary celebrations of a college, and finally, about how he went home "to help deal with the harvesting."



**Tell me more about these little British, their country's country, you've been told up**

What the King sought the way of the subordinated light, the younger people and knock knock job of this, will they find it? And, for that matter, who could? To answer the last question first, **George Maclean** says. In fact, the 69-year-old ex-Social Credit MLA once so much he has a bill in the province's legislature to protect the quiet life of the province's people from a big storm—a big storm, trapped or otherwise important. While Maclean has never seen the Big First himself, he is concerned of no-one's supporting his belief with a story about the time he visited a lumber camp in the western province and found about 100 loggers covering a log from which they claimed was the Sasquatch. "Boy," Maclean remembers. "I didn't like the atmosphere and best it out of there. I had the feeling that something was waiting for me."





# Lifestyles

A rough, common fellow, this Turner. Too bad he sails so damnably well

Robert Ted Turner is to the New York Yacht Club what Idi Amin is to the Commonwealth: an embarrassment. Try as they did, the members of the world's most exclusive yacht club failed to bar the brash American from their posh quarters on New York's 44th Street. Known as the Mouth of the South, Turner first applied for membership in the early 1950s and was blacklisted. After his father shot himself, Ted took over the bankrupt family hotel, burned fire and made millions, spending his spare time becoming one of the finest racing sailors in the world. He finally forced admission in 1973, which set some too well with esteemed Mayflower-like bludge accustomed to making their own rules.

Perhaps even more glaring to the club's senior guard is the fact that this 35-year-old tycoon has won the right to defend their honor in their twenty-third defense of the America's Cup, the world's oldest and most prestigious sporting trophy. And he did it with a secondhand boat, *Courageous*, which had viciously defended the Cup in 1974 but had been abandoned once in favor of a new million-dollar boat *Invincible*. In a event typical of Turner, he hoped, independence, and other sentiments in profane yachts that made in late August. All that remained was a boat-ov-er some of races with the men who won the right to be international underdog. Next *Invincible*, at the helm of American, from September 15 as Turner went to battle for America's class in the waters off Newport, Rhode Island. It was a battle like Muhammad Ali's sparring partner going on to fight in the world heavyweight championship.

There is no prize money. In fact it costs money in staggering amounts, but ever since those revolutionary colorful first-occupied Queen Victoria's challenge and won the America's Cup from Britain in 1851, it has become as much a social as a sporting phenomenon. "The world silver cup is tea long Sir Thomas Lipton dubbed it, it is not only the world's oldest international event but also the richest. Every three years or so for the last 125 years an American boat sponsored by the New York Yacht Club has successfully defeated all international challenges. For nothing but status, more than \$70 million has been spent this year on a few races between 12-carter yachts. And the world's wealthy have come to see and be seen. Briefly, but with great abandon, the inveterate snobbery of discreet wealth is suspended. Newport harbor becomes a forest of masts,

as motor yachts, south millions, sparring cars on their upper decks, stand out in a 1,300-voting spectators fleet that nearly weighs in at \$200 million. Randomly, small outboard launch doors yacht to yacht, ferrying guests from one floating cocktail party to another.

Ashore, opulence is the key word for men in red suits and women in silk scarlet blouses. Cup summer in Newport is a chance for the offspring of the robber barons to relive those glorious days when the likes of Cornelius Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor made the nautical town a summer center for the American kind of civilization—by concentrating 100-million "cortages" with 40-foot bellows curling. New grande dame hostesses are (as no interested in the dark on the water than they are in the domain of the dinner table. In an ethereal cory of keeping up with the Astors, they make the season's most important parties to their quiet silver-silver spreads for 50.

The Americans excoriated over the British in their reverence for royalty, though they have to put up with non-blue-blooded aristocrats and democratic stand-ins such as Paul Newman and John Wood. It is the Kennedy, however, who compare to reign as the republican "royal family," and re-

turns tell one another sage notes delivered less about why Jackie couldn't make it to their blowout reception of the season. At the exclusive America's Cup ball in August, the Kennedy family and campaigner snuffed at many of the tickets—needed out at \$30 apiece only so those at the top of the social hierarchy—that easy a hungry millionaire was named easy. One bewitched guest was overboard snuffing that with the Republican world filling apart and Jimmy Carter as President, "surely we shouldn't have to suffer that driving Turner defending our cup."

But there are other cup characters to avoid. Tattler Barry Bick, who assumed a fanfare with his big pea and lighter empire, in perhaps the quintessential Cornish. About his two-or-three-dollar pleasure yacht, *Le Baron* has watched the night yachts—that cost him eight million dollars in his three attempts to win the world's Sailing Cup—put up like a perfect record: 15 losses and no wins. Alan Bond, head of the syndicate backing the challenger from Western Australia, was a saga player in his native Perth just 15 years ago.

**The Courageous (left) and the British prize, another American entry, in the early rounds for the Cup. Ted's Invincible**



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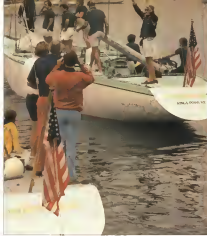
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"honesty bond" who put away a 16-ounce paper pyramid into a \$400 million real estate and mineral empire, casually picked up a phone during a Maclean's interview and entered a \$100,000 sum of cash from Australia. He was hoping for that last fractional edge that would make him an Australian legend—the man whose bid finally whipped the unruly Yanks in a sport the Aussies treat as much as Canadians do hockey.

If Australia is successful (Bond's mother is so optimistic she has a beer bottle in her toot for the victory celebration), the American Cup will become Australia's Cup, and an important bit of Newsworld will die with it. The next national bubble, in 1980, will be popped off the west coast of Australia. The merchants of Newport will miss the taste of cash registers jangling to the tune of its erstwhile million visitors. And the society houses with their wee 100-room cottages might never recover. As for the New York Yankee Club, with no facilities beyond an elegant but faded old clubhouse in Manhattan, its principal cause d'être will be lost with the cup. In the center of a richly furnished trophy room on 44th Street, behind doors inside a glass case, is that old one, given to the club's first commodore in the presence of Queen Victoria herself. When asked what will replace it, club members smile sweetly and say, "The head of the man who lost it."

CHERYL BULLFINCH

Turner, taking the camera, and the crew on *Corporation* (right) and *Australia*, with KAS on its sail, about to overtake the *Buendia*: the bubble of the operators



# Architecture

People City's people city



Residential towers are viewed along west of Jarvis on the right side of the tracks

Toronto city council was taking a gamble. It planned to replace 44 acres of underutilized industrial land and parking space just a stone's throw from the commercial hub of King and Bay streets with a brand-new residential community called St. Lawrence. Skeptics predicted from the start downtown businessmen predicted the project would be costly and benefit no one, residents' groups and politicians wrung their hands and worried about high noise and pollution levels and children playing on streets above playgrounds, federal government leaders couldn't understand just what the project was if it wasn't redevelopment.

Rarely the city planners were crazy who would want to live residential in the Garden of Eatin' anyway? But city council believed industrialized residents, politicians and businessmen were misguided, and the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation has put more through with a record \$25 million loan to allow construction to begin this month. It is a \$200 million job at keeping people—rich and poor, singles and families—in the inner city after five.

Founded by Young Parkland and Frost streets and the expressway-railway route to the south St. Lawrence was originally approved in 1974 by a city council worried about Metro's housing housing crisis. The 7,000 to 8,000 member community is designed to recreate a typical city neighborhood with parks, playing fields, schools, stores and services. What isn't typ-

ical is that it will have its neighbors the historic Harbor Centre and Commerce Court.

Unlike earlier city projects such as Regent Park and Alton Park, which have been compared to ghettos, St. Lawrence will not be a dead-end cyclical cutoff from the rest of the city. For one thing, it will follow Toronto's open street pattern. But more important, says Robert McLeod of the city's housing department, it will provide the socially mixed population and variety of dwelling styles necessary for the feeling of a living community. "Two thirds of the residents will know what the city considers low to moderate family incomes (\$7,000 to \$25,000) and live in dwellings built by different developers—city, non-profit co-op and private—with their own architects, designers and contractors. The more exclusive housing will be constructed in the final phase of the project. Varied forms of tenure, both rental and ownership, plus rent subsidization of 20% of the homes, should create a mixed population. Rents will run 10% to 15% below average and 25% of the units will have street access suitable for families.

The first phase of the project, from Jarvis to Sherbourne streets, will contain 700 units and two schools and accommodate 2,000 people by early 1979. The same project is slated for completion in five years.



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All the land being offered (planned by the owners at a cost of \$16 million), zoning has been approved and funding is forthcoming. But until the city's opinion on a 10-year, non-renewable right-down town, the project has been marked by criticism.

First, there's the location. Siting on one of downtown's worst and worst of pollution areas and flanked by the city and Garden St. Lawrence has provoked criticism of the loss of its nearby Irish environment. Business associations, residents' groups and Aldermen have expressed concern over data and noise levels. More board of trade officials do not believe the St. Lawrence site can ever provide a "safe and healthy" environment. They say that even where precautions are taken dust and noise levels will remain unacceptable. However, environmental studies have convinced the city that by relocating offending industries and providing trees and noise buffers, adverse conditions can be controlled. And as Alderman Janet Howard points out, "Many downtown neighborhoods experience similar problems. Certainly St. Lawrence won't be the worst."

The location of the project on Toronto's most expensive land has also raised eyebrows. Industry executives say the land should be used for commercial or exclusive high-rise residential development, more along the lines of the beloved waterfront Metro Centre place, which citizens' groups would prefer all low density housing. A 50-foot height restriction will allow some apartment buildings up to seven stories in addition to two-to-four story townhouses.

If the suit of St. Lawrence is less than ideal, it is, as Alderman Allan Speer's words, "an ideal location." And it does have advantages. Located in the heart of the old core of York near the St. Lawrence Hall and Market, the area is already rich in history and character (many buildings are being restored and preserved as part of the project). As well, it cannot suffer the drawbacks and lack of investment of most new suburban developments. There is immediate access to entertainment, service and job opportunities and the waterfront. Nor is there a requirement for the capital layers of capital usually needed by new developments for streets and services. And, on top of all that, St. Lawrence should own take a segment of the city core usually destined after business hours. Says David Walsh, president of the Downtown Business Council, "It is such residential development it is given a down town stability." City planners, for their part, claim world leadership in the task of restoring and preserving inner cities.

But in spite of the city's noble goals, St. Lawrence has received its speedy go-ahead as much because of a need for housing as in the belief of the Metro building industry and area firms. They have persuaded Ottawa to help relieve unemployment in the construction industry—the usual pattern of using housing to stimulate a flagging economy. **BARBARA DE VRIES**

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# Medicine

Healing the Canadian Mosaic

It promised to be a perfectly ordinary little ceremony just a small gathering to mark the anniversary this year of 10 years at General Hospital. The lieutenant governor of Ontario made a brief speech, so did the provincial minister of health and the mayor of the city. Words of mutual esteem and tokens of appreciation were exchanged, music was played, flowers tipped, bottles clapped. What it was over a 64-year-old Hungarian-born doctor named Paul Rekas slipped back upstairs to his third-floor office and back to his job running the unusual hospital he and his brother founded 20 years ago.

Downsized Toronto is overcrowded with hospitals—about 5,000 acute treatment beds and 10 major hospitals in an area of less than nine square miles. Central is the smallest general hospital of the lot: a mere 177 beds and 150 employees (the parent Toronto General is six times as big). But the idea behind it, unique at the time, has set a positive hospital across the country as he began to follow.

The basic notion is simple. The quality of one's patient services often depends on his ability to communicate with his doctor, rather than as a polyglot cry like Toronto's many patients—especially the elderly—speak no English. For these people, and like so many others, the doctor's explanation, unable to voice their complaints, going into hospital can be a terrifying experience. The solution—build a polyglot hospital—seems obvious now. But it was a new idea in 1957 when Dr. Paul and his younger brother John (also a doctor) opened their 33-bed private hospital in a house that had once been the residence of the Goodwin family. "We presented on this," says Dr. Paul in his lightly accented English. "Before we started no one was doing anything about the problem."

Both must know "the problem" from first-hand experience. John Rekas had been an assistant professor of medicine at St. Michael's Hospital, where his brother was deputy chief of staff, before they emigrated to Canada after the Communist takeover in 1948. In Canada they quickly became aware of the immediate handicap the flood of post-war immigrants faced in hospitals where only English was spoken. The multilingual hospital they founded was an instant success.

Today it boasts a staff that can provide 36-hour-a-day translations in any of 30 languages—everything from Arabic to Urdu, including five Chinese dialects. Information for patients—diet, instruction sheets, medical history questionnaires—is



Paul (left) and John Rekas, and a patient of Central in each in his own words.

available in three mother tongues, and the library stocks books and newspapers in 18 languages. Roughly one in five of the 10,000 patients treated there last year spoke no English at all. Everyone, from down to downhorses, is expected to help in the translation program. "We have the best people we can find," says Dr. Paul. "but all are equal, we give preference to people who are multilingual." He speaks English, Hungarian, Italian and French, and his patients speak with a panache on the staff. An old insurance salesman, he also reads and writes Latin.

Neither brother has become rich from the good idea they had in 1957; they do not have their hospital as public corporations in 1986. Since then Dr. Paul has been the hospital administrator. Dr. John the chief of staff. Instead, their rewards have been honorary. Both have been awarded the Order of Canada—Dr. John only last April—and both have named Toronto's Civic Award of Merit. By a happy coincidence it was promised to them 21 years to the very day after they arrived in the city as refugees. As Dr. John said then: "I could not have dreamed of a more beautiful way to celebrate this anniversary." Nor could his patients.

WILLIAM DAMPER

# Behavior

One for the end of the road: alcoholism and drug abuse among the elderly

The first law times 75-year-old Neville Barker dropped his car key, the wrong house staff passed it off as an accident typical of a frail old man with fading eyesight and hearing. Then one day an itinerant snatched alcohol as Barker's breakfast. An investigation soon revealed that Barker, consuming 15 ounces of red whiskey daily, wrote his admission two years earlier. Most of the "accident" had occurred in the days following his walk to the bank to cash his monthly pension cheques. His only daughter later admitted he had started drinking heavily after his wife died of cancer nine years before and his fading vision forced him to give up even a hobbyist's interest in his career as a cabinet maker. To ensure his acceptance into the nursing home he had persuaded his doctor to obtain a diagnosis of senility from the medical report. In the interim, her visits had declined to once a month, and his only other living friend had been placed in an old-age home 500 miles away. Facing sadness and, perhaps, he drank alone in a world of uncertainties and unfulfilled needs.

To Neville Barker, these are the promised "Golden Years," a better story he shares with more than 250,000 other Canadians over 55 for whom the only thing that sparkles any more is a liquid that dulls the pain of growing old. As a group, the elderly comprise less than 17% of Canada's 21 million population, yet according to some estimates they account for almost one-third of all problem drinkers. Between 5% and 30% of Canada's five million men and women over 55 are reportedly diagnosed by alcohol. A more accurate measure of their distress is the fact that from 1965 to 1973 deaths caused by cirrhosis of the liver leaped by 105% in men and 172% in women over 60. Nor does the problem stop at home. U.S. Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Institute director Dr. Marc Schuckman recently estimated that one in 10 Americans over 60 is a probable abuser of legal drugs. Indeed, the elderly consume more prescription and over-the-counter drugs than any other age group. Last year about 44% of the sedatives prescribed by Canadian physicians in private practice were for patients over 55, along with 27% of drugs to combat anxiety and depression. Not surprisingly, researchers have found that more than three quarters of suicide attempts by the aged involve drugs obtained from their own doctors.

Despite such alarming statistics, the health and social problem caused by alcohol and drug abuse among the elderly has so far gone virtually unnoticed and un-

noticed. Why is it all so clear. To spare ourselves the pain of confronting our own mortality in old people, we isolate them in senior citizens' homes, for the aged, and lonely nursing homes. Then, when many of them turn to alcohol or drugs to ease the loneliness and boredom we suppose (or just to relieve the normal stresses of physiological aging) we look away. In doing so, we deny the problem exists and simultaneously reinforce our rejection of old age as a natural stage in human development.

Reckoning with the dependency problems of the elderly has acquired new urgency, however, and the ominous statistics come from demographers. Thirty years from now the aged will double in size as a fraction in the rest of the population. Compounding their numbers will be the high rate of alcohol and drug use among those now in their thirties and forties. Unless we acknowledge the problem and begin to treat both its causes and its root causes,

say medical experts, we face the real possibility it will one day be society's major drug problem.

Detecting the elderly abuser is hampered not only by his social isolation but by the attitudes of relatives and friends who commonly view alcohol and pills as the only "pleasures" left to the aged. "Many people refuse to see the suicidal behavior behind much of senile alcoholism," says gerontologist and author Dr. Alex Comfort. "They don't seem to think it material if old people are hurting themselves." He believes relatives actively encourage elderly family members to take depressants such as alcohol and Valium (a tranquilizer) to keep them quiet and out of the way. Another roadblock to recognition is a serious lack of medical and nursing home personnel trained in geriatrics. Depression, confusion, falls, and various physical complaints are routinely mistaken for signs of senility when they are, in fact, symptoms of alcohol or drug abuse. Some doctors treat





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into treatment by drinking back old age and alcoholism as "incurable."

Despite studies which show a high rate of success treating elderly alcoholics, programs designed to meet their special needs are virtually nonexistent in Canada. Dr. Sarah Saunders, a medical consultant with the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario, believes the continuing program she developed three years ago for alcoholics at Toronto's Catherine-Wynwood home for the aged is the only exception. Some treatment centres will accept elderly patients into their regular program. But, says Saunders, many facilities have an unspoken cutoff point of 65. "They feel it's not worthwhile to treat someone over that age, especially if resources are limited." The attitude stems, in part, from a failure to realize that the older alcoholic is not necessarily a chronic, treatment-resistant drinker, but one who began drinking heavily late in life and whose behavior patterns can still be changed.

Old people, of course, tend to be sick more often than the rest of us, so it is to be expected that they will require more drugs. But their use of drugs is complicated by too many bad habits—a high degree of error in following prescriptions, dangerous the mixing of incompatible drugs, and the hoarding and sharing of medications. These factors, coupled with the older person's lowered physical reserves and lesser prescribing by physicians, do more to cause alcoholism and psychiatric disturbances. They contribute to accidental or intentional overdoses. In one major hospital study of drug overdoses, four out of five patients over 50 had taken sedatives or minor tranquilizers to alleviate the commonest complaint of the elderly: sleeplessness.

"In hospitals and nursing homes the over-prescribing is surprising," says Vancouver psychiatrist J. C. Morant. "Prescription charts may list up to 12 different medications for one patient. Fewer investigations of the same used by Morant to describe the tendency of doctors to "medicate" the symptoms of aging, reflects, he says, "the physician's lack of being able to reverse the reliance."

Attuned to the potential for abuse, medical authorities are now advising colleagues to halt prescriptions for sleeping pills, anti-anxiety and anti-seizure drugs for elderly patients except in rare circumstances. "Reflexion," says Morant, "should go the way of hypnosis—the disconcerting truth is." Although recognition of the problem is the first step toward resolving it, success ultimately rests on society's ability to change fundamental attitudes toward the aged. "Most people don't realize how extreme is the bias held by most old people," says Saunders. "We must resist compassion to our treatment of them." Neville Barker couldn't possibly agree more. "You better put people through change before you get to be my age," he warns. "It's no problem once being old now, I can tell you." **JOHN DONNE**



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# Theatre

Will it play in Saskatoon? Hell, it was born there!

*Exquisite Magazine* once made a list of 139 things most guaranteed to get a laugh, and near the top was *Saskatchewan*. Not the place but the *name*. But even a few of the people living there will tell you Saskatchewan is a pretty fancy place. Usually, though, they tell you the story after they've moved away. Vancouver actress Jane Wright remembers growing up there and "being the place," with its repression, its atmosphere, its proud men, its ugly, bald-headed humor. Now, however, she warmly puts her hometown on the back for being able to laugh at itself, and the fondly pronounced thing called "prairie humor," mostly sticking it up against the ugly, cruel renegades of the East. Perhaps her change of heart came from her three-year involvement in the production of *Cruel Town*, a "country opera" which offers up an unlikely blend of melodrama, music, country and western music, and a story stolen from Saskatchewan's *Oshin* and set in Saskatchewan about the lives and loves of truck drivers.

It sounds a little silly, it is. But it has since its 1975 premiere in Saskatchewan's Pensephone Theatre (founded by Wright, her younger sister Susan, also an actress, and director Bruce Richmond). Here a hit with audiences who have more than enough of it already than encouragement from critics—though that too has been forthcoming—steadily tripped up so far in Saskatchewan, in Quebec, at the Montreal Cultural Olympics, and at the Belvoir Festival in French Canada. Now the Vancouver Arts Club Theatre, a small theatre with a fiercely devoted following on the West Coast, is mounting a national tour of *Cruel Town* with most of the original cast. They are hoping they'll find it in Illinois at the very time they did in Saskatchewan and predict that come early December, at least, and Toronto, it will be embraced almost tapping their feet to the twangy bluegrass music of Saskatchewan musician Humphrey and The Dungenrocks, who joined with Regina playwright Ken Mitchell to write *Cruel Town* and use performers (most Humphreys) as choros throughout the piece.

Mitchell, a master of *Monte Joe*, with an impressive body of work already published, including a novel (*Wandering Refugee*), a script (*The Mountain*), a book of short stories (*Everybody Gave Something Here*), describes the tale of *Cruel Town* as "mythical." It is the story of Johnny Roychick, a Ukrainian truck driver who falls in love with the boss's daughter—played by his sister Wright's sister, Margy Anne—whom he eventually marries after win-

ning over her outraged father. All is bliss until evil strikes in the form of Jack Dool, Johnny's trucker friend, and the counter-part to Dool's jealousy (a common theme). Mitchell found, in both Dool and country and western music, eventually leads to two murders by Johnny Roychick, played by family handsome Windsor Miller who yodels his way through at the end.

One of the problems with the "country opera" is that Robert, although he does a gorgeous yodel, cannot sing. But it doesn't matter about it. "Hearts Arts Club Theatre's artistic director Bill Milard who helped create the Canada Council's Touring Office into being on \$40,000 for the \$300,000 of 12 years. Mitchell is understandably nervous ("I've lost 20 pounds. I'll be living my life") who is the reception *Cruel Town* will get back east, although he only on the current stage of both the subject matter (trucking) and the music (there are little pockets of Dungenrocks everywhere all across Canada). Yet he is worried, though, a sharp, witty, recently in the conservative newspaper *Georgia Straight* suggested that *Cruel Town* was, in effect, nothing more than an awkward bit of Canadian content heaven and a Canada Council sop to national unity. Everyone involved, clear across to the Touring Office in Ottawa, reacted with predictable indignation but playwright Mitchell was more offended by the suggestion that he's given, with its jokes about

"DPs" and the kind of party house in which a guy hangs, a towel-draped coat hanging from a strange point between him and the girl, a "pride" of the working class. A former (or former) Mitchell is famously attached to the working class and indeed, hopes to live "more of my own people" into the future, perhaps for the first time. Alan, the audience to date have been almost relentlessly middle class, although some have taken it with Saskatchewan Army clothing.

Mitchell, a soft-spoken man who teaches at the University of Saskatchewan in Regina and releases by building a road through his savings in rural Saskatchewan with his two-year son has a difficult time explaining the schizoid nature of his play (twice ridiculed and laughably sad). Jane Wright who plays a blousy, embittered trucker's wife, comes closer by relating the family of prairie life she remembers going to dance at "the Y" with another model, a tall, lanky blond girl named Joan Anderson, who used to dance so passionately people thought her a bit of a tramp. Anderson is of course Joan Mitchell, now presiding regally in California as the queen of pop rock. "Her first album was at Saskatchewan, beautiful, but all that put... The fact that 'prairie heaven' is all about—the fact that we actually produced *Cruel Town* at all!"

ALAN TROSKO

Robert as Johnny and Anne Wright as Kathy in *Cruel Town*; Grand Old Day



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# Show Business

## Twinkle, twinkle major star

Enter stage left: Peter O'Toole wearing a floor-length white jubah over a military costume, a black egyptian headdress held high between thumb and forefinger, dropping silver from the inevitable Gaudian. A young blond warhorse amazes dashes forward to retrieve the Star's robe as he sheds it with ceremony. It is day three of the shooting of *Cleopatra*, a two million-dollar budget feature which is something of a milestone for the Canadian film industry. Yet despite the impressive array of acting talent partially writing in costume on the set at Camp Bowden, outside Toronto (David Horowitz, Donald Pleasence and Barry Manilow among others), all the local media have zeroed in on O'Toole. While the actors are quick to declare that working with such a professional is a privilege, some of the local hype are plainly disgruntled. "Oh look," chirps a member of the film crew, "Gorgeous put his picture in the paper!"

Canadian director Martyn Burke, 33, knew exactly what he was bargaining for when he sent a copy of his script to O'Toole's English agent. The 45-year-old Irishman has made his career portraying the kind of character Burke had created in *Coleen*, Zeller, a small-time head of a coup d'état in a mythical European country. Both Zeller and O'Toole are arrogant yet charming, charming but controlled in taste, elegant and enigmatic. O'Toole seems to have a penchant for cruel seduction (J. E. Lawrence in *Lawrence of Arabia*, the 14th Earl of Grangey in *The Boy in the Bush*), and Murphy in *Murphy's War*) but Zeller, for a change, is clearly on the side of sanity.

Burke decided to make *Cleopatra* of *Elmer* many years ago. He was filming a documentary for the CBC in Paris in 1968 when the studio began milking the movie. Shanks after war, it came across a script for staging a coup written by Edward Lewis, an academic who subsequently became an adviser to the Pentagon. Burke drank and the book and began shooting in Germany four years ago with money from the CBC and Quadrant Films. The deal fell through. Burke got the project made long enough to direct an understated thriller called *The Crown Maids* and the recent CBC Mafia episode. *Cleopatra* has returned as it is to act as he and producer Robert Cooper (hus of *Car's* *On the Beach*) and Chris Doherty had wrangled the rights back from the CBC.

*Cleopatra's* two-million-dollar budget may be a lot by Canadian industry standards but is a nothing when compared with



O'Toole, at the world's at a stage, but it's a movie money that makes it go 'round

the estimated \$10 million spent on David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia* in 1962, the film that made Peter O'Toole a star. Plus he follows on hard luck. "There's always a table of clothing," he says. "On a golden-voiced actor." In fact, he hasn't had a hit movie since *The Lion in Winter* in 1968 (although *The Taking of Pelham*, made in 1991, has become a cult classic). He does, however, have a stellar reputation for his work in film, which includes his performance in the last two major films such as *What's New, Pussycat?*, *The Bible* and a recent venture called *Forever* which did so poorly in England it wasn't ever released here.

No matter what success or failure O'Toole has met with in film, he doesn't seem to be simply a way to make money, the theme of his lifeblood. He is a member of the Dublin Abbey Theatre's company and recently starred in an Australian production of a play called *Desire* by Dick

sonriver. "We can't all go around all the time carrying a shillelagh, with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a bomb in our pocket," he bristles, snarling away from his lip with long thin fingers and narrow eyebrows, questions and other words, cash for the hand-to-hand trade. A reputation based on *Lawrence* has "become a burden," as has his removal as a hard-drinking man which once earned him the nickname "Admiral Gai Pitt." But he has turned off alcohol, he says, and between films lives and plays quietly on the west coast of Ireland with his two daughters by his recently estranged wife, Susan Phillips. He would love to believe stardom is a bore. "I don't like the word 'star,'" he growls. Yet he is in a regal and noble in his Westbury dressing room while *Lawrence* and *Pleasence* comically putter about the set and insist on grand entrances in the best tradition of an ancient Greek drama. Why is he carrying on this way? "Because," says Peter O'Toole with a look of pure devotion, "I am a goddamn star!" EYE 040007

## Smallville, Alberta

After all the hype and hoopla and the fact about *Smallville* (episode 15) 25 million for 12 days' work it's been a very low-key location for the continued shooting of the *Supernatural* epic 40-odd miles southeast of Calgary. The movie—or more correctly, movie, since it's a sequel in being shot at the same large—started in England, moved to Manhattan, then to Alberta to film the arrival of the infant Superman on earth from the planet Krypton. Though the room of steel was co-created for *Atom* Comics in 1938 by Joe Shuster, first cousin to Johnny Wayne's better half, close textual examination of his history does not record *Supernatural's* arrival on his pancake patch of Canadian prairie. It was chosen for the pragmatic reason—as before production



Peter O'Toole, sitting better to do

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costs are spiraling madly over \$30 million—but the Canadian prime, personally this stretch of it, produces far more summer weather, stand for color film. "We searched hell out of this area," says producer Richard Donner, "but no one regarded as supernaturally gifted for making *The Omen*, last year's surprise smash. "It was perfect: classic, light topography. According to our plan that should be making rainbows out there." Instead, rain was falling—and went on falling, so that Donner must have wondered why the production had ever left England. Result: more delays, which doubled their Alberta shooting schedule from a fortnight to a month and will mean that filmers won't be wrapped up all well into 1978. Still, that's show business and Donner though new at the movie game, should by now expect the unexpected—and should have, right from the beginning when *Mario (The Godfather)* was based. For he seems plain and precise, a 300-page script, a director (Donner) Superstar has ground through screenwriters at a site normally associated with Italian movies, in last coast, five.

Martin Scorsese having completed his stint as Superfather in *Debra*, won't return. Cine: *Blackmail*, who plays the aristocratic Lady, was holed up, and it was too early in the film's choreography for the presence of Christopher Reeve (the still Superman-Clark Kent) to be needed. But for Alberta's weather there were Margot Kidder and Glenn Ford on hand: Kidder, 26, the Yellowknife-born, Toronto-based actress who got her movie start in 1969 via a picture in *Madame*, when Norman Jewison featured her in *Gaily*. Gaily bartenders *Superman* at "my big break after 12 years in the business"; and Ford, now-60 doing his usual decent, thoughtful work as Clark Kent's stepfather. How come you're here, someone wanted to know. Replied Ford: Quebec-born, decent and thoughtful to the last. "I was doing some work in Wales. I had a spare three weeks. So I jumped on a Concorde and here I am."

The success or failure of the twin *Superman* films, of course, will rest on the quality of their special effects. Current chatter is that *War*, which has so far generated over \$100 million and helped double Twentieth Century-Fox's stock value in the process. *Superman* producers Pierre Spengler, 30, and Ilya Salkind, 39, who have already added to inherited bounty with the obnoxious, recently successful *Three and Four Mulesmen*, plainly plan to make *Star Wars* look like a Macciano act for beginners. "People don't want to see their own problems when they go to the movies," says Salkind, echoing every big-budget movie entrepreneur since Adolph Zukor. And so when we see the film *Superman* next year, we'll be able to escape into his problems, which are a quantum leap from ours. Among them: how to cook a soufflé for Lene without any money paid. The Man of Steel's solution he cooks it such *de rien*. MATTHEW JAGAN

# Films

## The bumper crop

It's an extraordinary feat, a feat, about female impressionism as the symbol of the new vigor of Canadian movies. But what you see is what you get. Craig Russell is the star, the towering impressionist, of the response, a low-budget Canadian film which has already scored successes in Kansas and won them in New York before even beginning the assault on its own country. It is one of a happy handful of recent Canadian films—also including *Why Show The Teacher*, *Who Has Seen The Wind* and, to a slightly lesser degree, *Reds*—which have made this a rare cinematic summer to celebrate.

In *Crumpet*, Craig Russell plays a character down more than a little from his own experience as unhappy urban

dwellers whose experience it is to make it as a female impressionist. All his life, he says, he had known that he was different; and as a result, he put the lid on and kept it on tight. After one night of success at a dog contest, the lid is off and he's on his way. It's not that he's trying to do what nobody has ever done before. The impressionist of Boris Miller or Mae West are after all, the female impressionist's stock-in-trade. It's just that Craig Russell does them better, with a sense of wary affection and huge self-pleasure. He so clearly enjoys himself that we end up not just enjoying his work but also enjoying his joy. He need to per-

**Curt and Sapper in "Teacher" for the most part, 1978 more than good friends**



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**Throned Snowshoe**

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Another Hiram Walker signature.

form, goes into an energy which he can share, and wants to share, with his audience. He gets it together."

Which is what these Canadian films have been doing this summer getting to grips: None of the four cruddy breakers row around. All of them are great little films, practical character. Both *My Sister The Traveler* and *My Sister The Wind* are depressed-out-of-their-minds and *Prisoners of the Depression* films. *Amos* is again the wilderness. And even *Onusquam* falls into a category of the small, offbeat comedy-drama. (Usually built around the theme of identity, but Craig Russell shows us that equality of material is not everything. It is just as important to have something inherently personal to bring to the material and the power to show the material with an audience. Refusingly, all four films keep eye on the commercial market—and it may be this realization that commercial instincts are not beneath filmmakers that liberates their energy. But if commercial considerations are a reality in Canadian film—indeed, it has been the sole explanation for the soft-core Quebec porn, or tri-style trash like *Black Christmas*, or the impenetrable collected works of David Askevold. Cynicism? There are new films, however, have acted on commercial considerations without losing personality or attitude and character. It is the balance that counts. True, the approach may never produce a breathtaking original work of acutely personal character like Claude Jutra's *Mon Oncle Antoine*, but it also may give us the self-indulgence of films such as Paul Almond's *Act Of The Heart*. And the approach does produce—in this summer's Canadian film show—movies that people want to see.

They have certainly wanted to see *My Sister The Traveler*, the best of these films. This beautiful adaptation of Max Bennett's novel was filmed by Irwin Neustadter, a Canadian who has been working successfully in Hollywood and in Europe. He brings back home with him an absorbing sense of narrative structure—there isn't a scene in the film which is a throwaway shot or too long—and a very eye for comic detail. The American actor Paul Cost plays, inconspicuously, a very young teacher who comes to work in a one-room Alberta schoolhouse during the Depression. The French are poor (but salary is paid in promissory notes). The kids are backward, and the climate is punishing. Solace is given, a brief friendship with local kids, and a muted friendship with a forlorn English war bride. Sometimes Eggar (fading into a revolving middle age) is the one moment while they are stranded to gather through a snowdrift. Both in long wooden socks by an iron stove, they are aided from Noel Coward's *Private Lives*—the juxtaposition of a classic comedy and reported sophistication is a beautiful emblem of Canadian reality. Neustadter's film has a generosity of feeling and a hard

honesty. As a bonus James DeFazio's live screenplay contains a perfect line of Canadian dialogue, as he was Eggar is trying to convince Don "Canada's a nice country (pause) Is it spring (pause) Sometimes?"

These teenage qualities of Canadian movies are well explored in *My Sister The Traveler*, carefully crafted film of W. O. Mitchell's book. *Who Marries The Wind* is a story about a young boy coming to terms with the final reality of death and the shifting constructions of life shown both uncompassion and kindness. Patricia Watson's script deftly sublimates that meaning through the rough edges. Neustadter's version of friendship, it should be noted, also lightened the original, but the film still retained a touch of real emotion, whereas King's work seems over protective. *Who*

*Marries The Wind* certainly works, but it is a teacher's pet of a film, useful and superior about its effects, anxious that they be noticed. (Helen Rankin's score is a deliberate rich turn of the plot with a good sensitivity that you're really to screen.) Still, the acting is extraordinary, beautifully shaped by King, the remarkable Brian Brown as the boy, Gordon Piment and Chaplin's Jeff as his parents. Neil Stewart as his grandmother, Patricia Hamilton, Tom Haff and the radiant Helene Stuer as his teachers and principal. Ed McNamara is serving the Prince Prophet, and even that overripe old man

**Pelouchard and Pomeroy in 'Wind' (bottom), Davis, Holbrook, James, Ganssall and Roberts in 'Who Marries The Wind' (above) are some of the people who made it a very good year.**



Joe Ferrer's slight portrait of a doctor for those patients and physicians.

Peter Carter's *Amos* is not formally drawn from a literary source. But in that it is more than faintly reminiscent of Delestrange, both James Decey's novel and John Brown's film. Five doctors are down on the wilderness of Northern Ontario for a week in nature. To most, the landscape, as everything else is beautiful, will be chills enough, but that five men are there up against an unknown nature who makes them trip them and begin killing them off, one by one. Carter's film achieves an atmosphere of genuine terror, effectively expressed in René Verano's superb outdoor photography, as the unknown northern develops pattern and personality. Apart from the performance by Bill Holbrook, Lawrence Date, Gary Ruzicki, Ken James and Robin Ganssall, are first-rate. But Neustadter's screenplay develops some sharp turns and Holbrook is particularly powerful as the doctor against a backdrop of a severely wounded forest, saying he'll die if the mountain kills him but he won't let it. The film's development, however, is a final answer, who also unknown is made known in a story of plot.

*Onusquam* meets the Canadian survival game back to the city. In *Onusquam* like *Terrance* is a natural, though basic background for the social elements of the novel. Robin Ganssall (the female companion) and Lisa (Hollie McLaren) the central characters who want to create a society for the living people. Richard Donner's screenplay and director Robin and Lisa as sympathetic individuals, vulnerable to the hidden power of civilization (science, money, social workers). Robin is aware, too, of the danger of vulnerability, which is why he advocates the women be independent, they have steel as well as skin. The film is a bit too glib about the social role of the material, and too fond of whittled-out images. (If a catapillar was afraid of wings, he'd never become a butterfly.) It also turns occasionally all toward the order order. But to balance that, there is an abundance of wit and compassion at its core, and a dynamic desire in Craig Russell.

What seems more embarrassing about these films is their independence from one another. They form a total trend or movement. They show an independence of purpose and method. (None of them was set up in a foreign co-production, this Canadian though the gross revenue of Canadian movie financing. [Not are they isolated examples, one could also mention the mild but notable *Low At First Sight*, directed by Rex Brownell, and from Vancouver, Zolt Balazs's *Rip Thore* as further examples. For Canada in film this is the breakthrough to mainstream growth. It may even be the beginning of maturity, who knows? For the moment it is a good sign of good times were here because we're here.

# Books

## The best years of our lives?

THE DEPOSED YEARS A THIRTEEN

961, 024-0241 by Pierre Deras  
(McClelland and Stewart, \$15.95)

Pierre Deras is a reporter. He leads an unexciting public life, researches it exhaustively and tells it well. His prose is less elegant for occasional sweeping scenes (for example, that the Depression for Canada harder than any other country in the world) but he lets his characters emerge without the clutter of specialisms about their moment. All the drama of the Deras book can be found in *The Deposed Years* A Thirteen.

The book is an account of Elvira Deras who goes back, with the help of Lolo or Dr. A. R. Deras, to the distant baby boom on May 28, 1934, as a thirteen-year-old in Northern Ontario Emilia, Canada. Elvira, Anne and Norman Deras's birth upstart (international fame for the doctor, suggest for their parents and worldwide interest in their every action. The movie event eventually traced the babies to be legally separated from their parents by the Ontario government and confined in a hospital called the De Facto Hospital and Nursery. Shortly after, the province set up a fund to build the quality nursing facilities for everything from permanent institutional to medical patient rights.

Best of all the best of the first children from their families back to the present. He has developed up a wide of stereotypes from the time which he has been liberally applied, as John O'Hara did his novel. Good readers can read in the minutiae of automobile to the state of the mobile, Airline Chrysler or American De Soto and in references to pop songs like "We're In The Money" and "I've Got A Pocketful Of Dollars" from any reader might up to date in the money has already been when he describes the bubble of 1929.

and the world of Elvira outside the Deras' house in the early morning hours of May 28. Only the Deras story, and the other memories, isn't the way you structured it at all.

According to Berne, Oliva Deras, the father, had been coping with the Depression. In *The Deposed Years* he is shown by the multiple births, often more, but never the black-headed complexion portrayed in *The Coward Doctor*, a Hollywood version of the event. There are more shocks. Dr. Alvin Ray Deras, the kindly priest in the days of quackery practices that were practiced in full-blown of the day, was something other than what he appeared. Complex, profit, frustrated and over-coming, he enjoyed the fame and good living on the American celebrity circuit. But he could do nothing as the public eye and managed to bring on to a "naughty country doctor come" while retaining a small fortune.

From promises, politicians and the public mind with the doctor against the Deras parents. The quackery is worth noting to public curiosity. But Oliva Deras was generous. He would his children returned from their royal education to the family circle. World War II helped to divert public interest and he won his fight for custody. But it was too late. Their actions had formed them in extraordinary lengths of independence and they had been exposed to a long and narrow education of nature to fit into a natural family.

*The Deposed Years* is a tragic story. You can almost feel the deliberately unexciting characters but one must feel some sympathy for the world in which they became victims. They are mostly dead now and the remaining three selective memories. Good.

**The Deras family with two nurses and a teacher in 1934. Deras were not what they seemed—and they were people.**



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soon are Emile and Marie. Daily Yvonne, Annie and Cecile remain estranged from their lot. The fortune amassed by exploitation has dwindled, and even it was part of the ruggedly. A prominent provincial government which had legislated and physically separated the quans from their family charged all its costs to the food.

The *Dance Years* work making, Canada was robotically known (but you'll watch glimpses of celebrities from Sally Road, to Water Wheel, to Mabel Hupburn. In the *Thames* as the Premier of Ontario, Hepburn looked both the addition of the quans and their exposure to punky students who came from all over the world to education. Could any Canadian political figure get away with it in the *Seventies*? Remember, it was the *Thames* and as the popular song of 1994 red, "Anything goes." The *Dance Years* is gripping and real. It goes beyond melodrama and tells how human beings were again shamefully treated because they were "different" as the age-old pattern of exploitation.

HARRY J. MORRIS

### The sin of omission

A POPULATION OF ONE  
by Constance Genest-Howe  
(Montreal of Canada \$9.95)

Whether made visible? Out of Montreal anyway, according to Constance Genest-Howe's new novel *A Population of One*. Which may be the real—read carefully most persuasive—reason behind the flight of the English from La Belle Province. It is the Quebecer's obsession with French unavailability that is causing all those Westmounters to hotfoot it to English Canada. Consider the case of Bernadette-Howe's given heroine, Margot, resident Whitehorse (Wdy) Doyle. She is a slender 30, plucked-looking, over-equipped with a PhD on Mrs. Gaskell, (translated) black nylon body-dolls, pyjamas, one (of several) disassemblable jelly, an immaculate hymen and so understandable urge to change this, preferably by marriage, but if all else fails, rule black body-doll pyjamas. Sell even the total combination of body-doll

Bernadette-Howe: red-on-black virgin



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bookends and books rights in the Shogun-La Mott are not enough to overstate Willy's Canadian. By the end of the novel the it's much at the begin, was, perhaps, but definitely inaction.

Barnford-Howe is that encouraging phenomenon, a writer who supply good books and better. Though her first novel was published in 1996, it wasn't until *The Book of Eve* (1997) that she achieved any real commercial recognition. Now with *A Population Of One* (this week's novel) she has given us an engaging, highly readable book about a matter of some national interest—how to get a man. This is a small study of the mores of that declining sub-species in the national zoo, the scarcely acknowledged Anglo-Canadian Protestant.

Yes—I suppose we should have talked about this before, but—see you on the page?

"No I'm not but—"

"Oh, well on that case—"

"It's all right though (I hope)"

"There are others—I mean (no, I simply cannot go into details)"

"Because I'm not that in, I'd better use—"

"Yes, that would be a good idea"

"Yes" A brief pause. But the perfectly reasonable thing is that—I would like to go to try on just one. Would you?"

Though the book is saturated with Willy's sense of living life as a Charlotte Brontë heroine, in fact, Barnford-Howe's work has more in common with Jane Austen. If there is a fault in the book, it lies in the same place. The reader is not asked. When Willy does meet a sign of worth, an erudite, sophisticated and, yes, much sought-after professor, he up and dies after proposing to her. Willy with some single in spite of her best efforts, perhaps, are not either such unbecomingly drip or they die. This particular device strikes the reader as much as to reduce credibility. His may be dead. Good knows, but not necessarily. Willy's story begins as the story of a woman who, like the Willy's character darts: Barnford-Howe has created such an appealing and sympathetic heroine that it is both a great injustice and a violation of common sense to read Willy as the inevitability of Jane Austen's protagonist alone.

BARNFORD-HOWE

## Getting to be a Hobbit

THE HOBBIT  
by J.R.R. Tolkien  
(Methuen/Publishers \$19.95)

It must be at least 15 years ago—before sex pills spoke, even before America was pressed—that J.R.R. Tolkien's make-believe mythology first began to woe our "entertained" (and, alas, who has gone on wearing them ever since). Only last year a Canadian edition of *Lord Of The Rings* sold over 30,000 copies. Meanwhile now Tolkien material continues to pour out. This year alone Tolkienologists can enjoy Harper's Carpenter's official biography, a new illustrated edition of *The Hobbit*,



Tolkien more than you'd care to know

two annotated editions based on the Tolkien legend to be released in the fall, not to mention the biggest treat of all, *The Silmarillion*, a posthumously published work by the master himself.

Tolkien appeals to the modern appetite for fantasy. We like to contemplate mathematics coarsen with human forms. Tolkien's most beloved non-human are, of course, his Hobbits. These diminutive folk, Englishmen who frequent pubs, smoke pipes, tell each other "old chaps" and live in underground tunnels below the tree-enclosed hollowed-out hills of their island and forested realm of Rivendell and Third of Toot Hill. As far as Tolkien's writings are concerned they provide a gentle human touch which makes his world more accessible, if not credible at all, to the modern reader.

Beneath the final work of *The Silmarillion*, there are no Hobbits as it is all demagogues and spores. One long for some of them to light up pipes and go for a walk in the garden. But there none he, and the reader quickly loses heart. The book purports to deal with "the diderians," before Hobbits came out of the sector. It is an account, supposedly translated from the Elvish, of the creation of the world and the beginning of evil. Tolkien's universe is the antithesis of music played by God. His Sauron, Mear, wants to play his own tune, and in *The Silmarillion* he goes the Elven and later men who echo Middle Earth to play along with him. But like the dead in Christian theology he is the father of his. He can be any way but by increasing superior strength, but by seeing death among his enemies, in this way he captures the Silmarion, sacred jewels which alone

preserve the first light from heaven.

Tolkien's message has always been a religious one, more effectively conveyed in his account in the *Lord Of The Rings* of Frodo's stumbling journey toward the mountains of doom. Tolkien, a devout Christian, knew that the wicked and abominable only be considered by dream and pity. The book shall submit the earth.

This idea is contained in *The Silmarillion*, but it is too much of a scholarly genre to be taken seriously. Tolkien begins it in 1917 and was still working on it when he died in 1973. Despite the loving care with which it had been edited by Tolkien's son Christopher, perhaps the author's instinct not to publish was a correct one. Indeed what would the huge *Rings* have been like if it starred only vampires and werewolves?

JOHN HUGGESSON

## Carry on spying

THE HOBARTS' SECRET HISTORY  
by John Le Carré  
(Methuen \$19.95)

John Le Carré has done it again, proved that the Cold War still exists and that it can still be a best seller provided the formula is repeated and the fiction is ongoing. His novel in London, *Secret History*, is a book, perhaps as much as the first, *The Spy*, *The Secret*, *The Spy* (1974), sitting in the shadows left by a double agent, ready to subvert the Secret Service. *Secret History* is the first—Hong Kong and Paris basin is the justification of the tale who accounts the first Post War espionage, the book seems just and witty, engaged with description, generally anonymous and oblique. But for those who like their world both suspenseful and safe for democracy here is a story, trench about espionage adventures story.

MARLYN WOFFORD

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# Blessed are the Bwanas, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven-on-earth. For now

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Tell me, Africa expert, what is the area of the world that provides the highest standard of living—the highest index of pure material comfort? The usual reflex answer would be California or Texas, but a more sane one can be made for South Africa and Rhodesia.

That is the funnier that is overlooked in the wake of Ian Smith, the outgoing British prime minister, receiving a heavy mandate from his own voters, and John Vorster's South Africa outwages any southern statesman's defense of him. It is the fact that the outcasted white residents of these diamond lands are fighting desperately to possess a standard of living that is denied, elsewhere in the world, to all but the rich.

Only southern California can compare with the bounties of South Africa. The country may indeed have the finest climate on the globe. There are no freezing hills. Bureaucrats wear shorts and open-necked shirts to work. There are beautiful beaches, fine, wholesome food, superb wines. The sparse traffic on the roads is heavily sprinkled with the Mercedes-Benz, the Jaguar, the Bentley, the outdoor life. Mixed with sport and pamper, Johannesburg may be Toronto with an overlay of Southern Bell Capitalism: a lovely city with the sophistication and luxury of Montreal. [It has the second most spectacular setting of any city in the world, topped only by Rio de Janeiro and followed in order, if you must know, by Hong Kong, Vancouver, San Francisco and Sydney.]

In Rhodesia, just across the border in the north, the same blessings apply. Salisbury is a pleasant city with gracious suburbs worthy of Bel Air, walled through such thoroughfares as Orange Grove Drive and the Righting Road. It is entirely possible, in going the local tourist, that the city has more swimming pools per capita than Los Angeles.

In the Moslems Hotel, each pot of butter is turned into the shape of a cow or corn, said the black waiter, as white catering shops, white coats and red velvet suggest the east end of a Turkish Bay. Across the street, the mild splash of flowers and fragrances and trees in Cecil Square is open up to the wind of Asia. Franciscan's celebrated Union Square, Montmartre, in Paris. Rhodesia and South Africa—which is why these strange lands compare with southern California for affluence—the industry here is not in mining, but in household chores done by cheap black labor and can graduate to tennis, while the husband has his gardening and handyperson

done by a white servant as well. The garage mechanic leaps into the upper middle class. They live, these people in 1977, in a material, our grandparents long ago abandoned.

As someone who has been to Africa four times, that is the single biggest thing that impresses, the more banal that the clock can be traced back. Bantu journalist Col. Leganele at Rhodesia's "Koud Cockoon-Land" in his story, the businessmen move about in dark, heavy suits, stubbornly refusing to acknowledge their hubris. They are closer to the equator than either Tahiti or Hawaii and yet dress in their colonial robes did when they arrived from Manchester and Liverpool. (See Smith and his



Souths do not ask for whom the hat is made

invaders were a British which they arrived in Geneva for peace talks with black African leaders and as a result of the talks broke out laughter at their girth, the narrow lapel-collared peppy pants of a country that has been a world center for 13 years. In the end, the Rhodesia, outlaws in recognition as Ron Van Winkle. In the country's radio network, Glenn Miller is very strong. Next year, another called Milton Berle. One has the sense of moving a corner of the world where violence has been turned upside down, as in Orwell. In the real world, the accepted view is that a reporter should be in the line of a madman, in Johannesburg. The Rand Daily Mail, a free newspaper that fights the government, must print the address of the reporter at the end of each political story.

There are all the references to our press about the trouble in Soweto, always re-

ferred to as "a Johannesburg ghetto." Soweto in fact is not a ghetto. It is the proud heart of the South African government, the most modern compound for blacks. Colored visitors to South Africa are always taken to Soweto. It is held forth as an example of how well "the Bantu" are treated. It is, in truth, quite the most depressing sight on the globe. It is the compound, 10 miles outside Johannesburg, where the blacks who provide the cheap labor for the city's gold mines and industry and shops and who must, by law, be shut out of the city boundaries by night, are kept. In reality, it is the fourth largest city in South Africa. 34 square miles of identical 6000 beds with no roofs and vehicle plumbing. There are four swimming pools for one million people, but 17 federal houses. These ghost towns are huge billboards for American cigarettes, they display handsome bowling and tennis players. The point is that the government is not interested in Soweto. It is proof of Soweto, it is the focus compound it has and it remains criticism of it.

It is an Updale-Down World. The Vorster government trying to arrange 30% of the land to just 13% of the population. But of South Africa, where whites are outnumbered five to one, it is upside-down, it is Topper-Turner World in Rhodesia, where whites are outnumbered 25 to one. Most depressing, the young well-educated white, to be replaced by the original Arabid Bankers of Berlin, men in their low status, who see a chance of having someone in the grand manner. In the entire flow of bigotry, tolerance in fact, is being defined, prejudice reinforced. It is doubtful if the way.

To anyone who has been in Vietnam there is an eerie replay—black African being moved into "forward villages" to keep them away from any communicating contact with the guerrillas. The "Liberation Army" is moving in even-intervening war lines across the Zambezi from Zambia, as from Mozambique, leaving frightened, mistreated Rhodesia with its only secure border that one day creates adjoining South Africa.

The tragedy is the spectacle of the settlers married to the land, the Dutch arrived on southern Africa about the same time the Puritan head of an American did they have come and left they own. The reality is that they are also trying to protect themselves of comfort that the other tribes, such as the Col. executive, helping his wife with the dishes while they complete about the death of household help, would say

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